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JOHN BULL

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1923.

TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK
AND
ENJOY

LIPTON'S
TEA

THE LARGEST
NET SALES
OF ANY
2d WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
IN
THE WORLD

A GAME FOR MUGS

by Harold Owen

Handy to
have in
the House

A box of Beecham's Pills is a handy thing to have in the house, and if a dose is taken at the moment of need much illness will be saved. Any trouble arising from derangement of the digestive organs is quickly set right by Beecham's Pills.

This unrivalled medicine will do more to build up robust health and maintain it than many folk imagine.

*For Sluggish Liver, Sick-headache, Indigestion,
Loss of Appetite, Constipation*

Beecham's Pills

ARE UNEQUALLED

Sold everywhere in boxes.

Labelled 1s 3d and 3s 0d.

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has vacancies for more Subscription Representatives

IF you wish to earn from £5 to £10 per week, apply for one of these well-paid posts whilst there is a vacancy for you.

We offer you full-time or spare-time employment. No outlay or previous experience is required. So well have we paved the way for you that you can commence to earn bonuses and commissions from the start.

We offer you exactly the same opportunity as that

which enables Mr. Jones (whose photograph we give herewith) to earn over £8 in one week.

Hundreds more are earning big money.

It is hardly necessary to point out that these vacancies will be quickly filled. If you wish one of these well-paid jobs, write for full

particulars now on the coupon below, before someone else in your district earns the money that might have been yours.



D. A. Jones, 30, Tillyard Terrace, Aberystwyth, who earns £8 17s. 6d. in one week as a John Bull Subscription Representative.

WRITE FOR THE GOLDEN BOOK

It explains the whole plan fully. This book has helped hundreds to good paying positions. Mr. W. H. Wallace, Railway Terrace, Rhosddu, Wrex., one of our successful Representatives, says about it: "I little thought there was so much gold attached to it. I am being put on my feet in less time than I ever anticipated." Sign and post the coupon now.

—Clip here if you want more money—

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I desire to become a John Bull Subscription Representative. Please send me, Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, your "GOLDEN BOOK," and full particulars of your offer.

Name

Address

Date

J.B.3-3-23

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

74 More Benefits Paid

Many claims unavoidably held over.

FIRE.

TENTERDEN, Kent.—Mr. J. F. GOSLE, The Rectory.
KENTWORTH.—Mrs. J. A. RICHARDSON, Clifton House, Manor Road.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. W. C. SEAW, 30, Lady Street, Hyson Green.
NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. M. A. ARNOLD, 204, Parker Street, Byker.
MOUNTAIN ASH, Glam.—Mr. R. BEVAN, 24, Cardiff Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. C. BATES, 134, Mollitt Street, Dudley Street.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. J. CROFT, 115, Kingsley Road, Princess Park.
ROSYTH, Fife.—Mrs. CONNELL, 6, Parkside Square.
THORNTON HEATH, Surrey.—Mr. F. CROWHURST, 2, Howeberry Road.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. L. DODD, 40, Matilda Street, Elswick.
PLYMOUTH.—Mr. T. EDDY, 9, Warleigh Road, Muller.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. E. GUY, 105, Baby Street.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. CRIVITER, 20, Lake Street, St. Paul's.
PAIGTON, Devon.—Mr. A. HARRIS, "Sunnyside," Collingwood Road.
GREENOCK.—Mr. A. PATTERSON, 23, Nicholson Street.
HERNE HILL, S.E.24.—Mrs. E. PARKER, 22, Wingham Road.
WEST CROYDON.—Mrs. M. E. RHOADS, 9, Keeley Street.
AVER.—Mr. J. E. M., 2, Longacre Terrace.
WALKER-ON-TYNE.—Mr. A. THOMSON, 18, Byker Street.
LEYTON, E.10.—Mr. H. C. THURSCOTT, 107, Albert Road.
YORK.—Mr. F. WOODWARD, 14, Wenlock Terrace, Fulford.

STORM.

AMAYALLA, P.O., Co. Onaghan.—Mrs. E. CANNIVY, Amagallon.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—J. DAWSON, 33, William Street.
BLAENAVON, Mon.—J. JONES, 4, King Street.
PALMERSTOWN, Co. Dublin.—J. KENNEDY, New Cottages.
TAUNTON.—H. MAHER, Goddard's Farm, Staple Fitzpaine.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mrs. J. H. NEALE, 10, Cartwright Street.
BLAENAVON.—Mrs. D. JONES, 70, King Street.
BLAENAVON.—G. A. CUPBY, Back of Crown Hotel.
KESW VALLE, Mon.—T. J. MORGAN, 3, Lethbridge Terrace.

Accident Benefits £3 per week.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. HERNIMAN, 675, Manchester Old Road, Rhodes.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. TURNER, 17, Furnace Lane, Lonsdale.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. H. WOODCOCK, 34, Wellington Street, New Whittington.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. E. COTTON, 23, West Street, Mexborough.
RA. H.—Mrs. W. CARTER, 13, Green Hill Road, Welton Mid Norton.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. FERGUSON, 105, Westerhill Street.
GLASGOW.—A. LESLIE, 105, Henderson Street, Kinning Park.
CH. STERFIELD.—Mrs. H. CHAMP, 62, High Street, New Whittington.
PLYMOUTH.—C. ROOPE, 1, Archer Place.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

PETERBOROUGH.—Mrs. J. BLAKE, Telegraph Street, King's Clink.
LUMPHINHAM, Fife.—Mrs. G. FINLAY, 65, Main Street.
BARNOLDSWICK.—Mrs. H. FOSTER, 40, Federation Street.
LINLITHGOW.—Mrs. GRAHAM, 1, West Port.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. W. (GOODMAN), 12, Storer Street (off Carlton Road).
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. S. R. GRAYSON, 4, Court House, Palm Street, Walkley.
WREXHAM.—Mr. E. HUGHES, 60, Church Street, Rhoyston.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. MURPHY, Carlton.
CARDENDEN, Fife.—Mrs. McDONALD, Collieston Cotts.
FALKENHAM, Norfolk.—Mrs. RAMSDEN, 1, Haver Lane.
DERBY.—Mr. J. E. SPENCER, 15, Brown's Row, Stanley Cussons.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. J. SLOAN, 1, Scott's Court, Green Lane, Tyne Dock.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. WATSON, 14, Wanslow Street.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mrs. E. DOLPHIN, 44, Burnbank Street.
PONTEFRAC.—Mrs. A. DENNERY, c.o. Lorraine, 2, 300 Market.
CROUCH END, N.S.—Mrs. HOWE, 23, Park Road.
ROTHERHAM.—Mr. J. KITCHNER, 40, Tudor Street, Thurncliffe East.
CLARETHORPE, Leics.—Mrs. A. LEADWOOD, 147, Bentley Street.
CARDIFF.—Mr. H. LYNN, 100, Treharris Street, North.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. E. MORRIS, 10, Newton Road, Park.
BARNOLDSWICK.—Mrs. McNAMARA, 2, Ash Grove.
LLWYNYPFA.—Mrs. S. A. ROACH, 4, Station Terrace.
PAISLEY.—Mrs. S. THOMPSON, 90, Camuside Street.
STOCKPORT.—Mr. H. UTLEY, 4, Cunway Street, South Heddle.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. WILLIAMSON, 70, Alton Street, Newcast.
ALFORD, Leics.—Mrs. I. M. BARTON, Bell Bank Cottage, Chapel St., Loughborough.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. E. BERRY, 63, Dale Street.
WHIAN.—Mr. J. HILL, 2, Albion Street, Platt Bridge.
BRIDGEND.—Mrs. E. JONES, Pentwyn Hendon Road, Fencot.
BRIGHTON, K.W.7.—Mr. E. SPENCER, 347, Brighton Road.
ASHTON-IN-MAKERFIELD.—Mr. M. DUFFY, 4, Stanger's Terrace.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. S. A. PARR, Dale Head, Knap.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. A. GOLDEN, 14, Bennett Street.
SWANSEA.—Mr. G. HEDDER, 4, William Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. G. HARDY, 1, Wheatfield Road, Gorgie.

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Reader's Name
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

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To (Name of Newsagent)

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Signature

Address

Date

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WIRELESS. — Listen-in. Valuable offer, for ten days only. Complete R.E.C. stamped set, 25/10/6. — "Cl. S. Osborne," 84, Hyde, Cheshire.

Praises.

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56 lb. cases (20 Bars) 17/6 per case
112 lb. " (40 ") 33/-
Equal to about 3d. per lb. Why pay 6d. per lb. Carriage Paid. Cash with orders. State near Railway Station.

J. V. NICOLL & CO. (White Dept. 42.)
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Unexcited Comments:
MANUFACTURER — "Or it's only passed."
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After Two Years of Serious Nerve Trouble and Anæmia, Mrs. Mayes took Dr. Cassell's and was completely Cured.

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"However, I commenced to take Dr. Cassell's, and their effect was simply marvellous. In a week I felt ever so much better. Now I am simply splendid — I feel a different woman."



TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME, and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
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Exhaustion Fatigue
Headache Stomach
Indigestion Weakness
Depression Loss of
Appetite Sleeplessness
General Debility
Specialty valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

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Home Prices, 1/6 and 3/-.
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AMPLE MATERIAL** for making
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The Greatest Cigarette Value in the World—

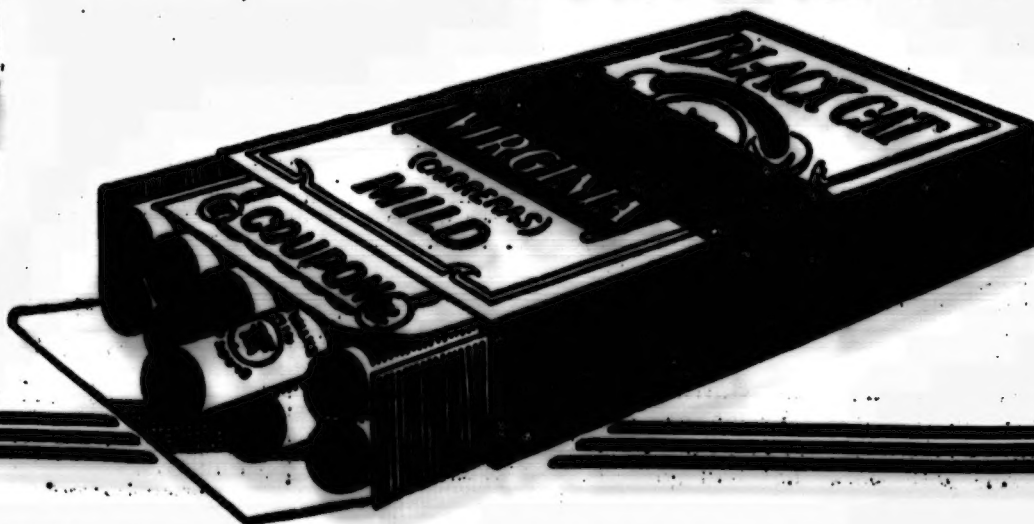
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It takes batteries of British Empire cigarette machines, the fastest in the world, to keep pace with the demand, and the saving represented by the speed of these fast machines is passed on to you in the form of lucky free gifts, including full instructions and material for a fancy costume as illustrated, cigarette lighters, card games, sterling silver brooches, safety razor blades, silk pictures, etc.

Send to-day for the Black Cat free gift book, sent post free together with five coupons to start your collection, on application to the Black Cat Cigarette Company (Dept. 8), 238, City Road, E.C.1.

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The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Doubtful Strength.

Mr. Bonar Law is being urged to strengthen the Government by taking in Austen. Strengthen is hardly the word we would use.

Also Ran.

France and Germany are fast outstripping Britain in the planning of commercial air routes. We have an Air Ministry, but it is evidently fast asleep.

They've Seen through it!

The Canadian Parliament has requested that no more titles be conferred on Canadians. That's a nasty backhander for our own political "carpet-baggers"!

Abolish it!

Lord Newton says a great deal of time and money is wasted on the passport system. *What* JOHN BULL said yesterday other people repeat to-day.

It's Needed More Here.

Fresh appeals are being made for relief work in Russia and £75,000 is asked for. We hope those with money to spare will see that their own countrymen are looked after first.

Clear Out Now!

Parliament, in spite of the Government majority, has clearly interpreted the sense of public opinion on Mesopotamia. The Government will be judged by the speed with which it responds.

Realising it at Last.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer says that all taxes are too high for the safety of the Nation and that they must be reduced. To stop the intolerable drain of our Eastern adventures is the first step.

A Bankruptcy of Ideas.

The Report of the Cabinet Committee on unemployment has produced nothing in the way of practical suggestions. In their failure to deal with this serious problem the Government are riding for a fall.

Brainy.

They still have brain-waves in Whitehall. In the name of economy eighty efficient men were dismissed, and two days later 110 new ones were engaged to cope with work that had got into arrears.

Apathy or Incompetence?

Gas deaths increase and the Board of Trade is still "watching." It is time Parliament insisted on definite action being taken.

Rural Slavery.

Thousands of agricultural workers receive only sixpence an hour. That National Agricultural Wages Board must be re-established.

The Wrong End.

The "economy" being effected in education is really misguided extravagance. Nowadays, national ignorance is a crime.

The Right Sort.

Col. G. F. Stanley is another of the old Derby stock and should make an ideal Member for East Wiltshire. On, Stanley, on!

Royal Commission Wanted.

The Home Secretary sees no reason for altering the law on capital punishment. The terrible scenes attendant on Mrs. Thompson's execution are reason enough.

Alter it.

The continual intervention of the King's Proctor in divorce suits emphasises the absurdity of the present state of the law. Lord Buckmaster's Bill must be passed this session.

A Good Idea.

The American proposal to limit the damages in breach of promise cases to 3d. is one we could well adopt over here. The present law is another which judges openly deride.

Departmental Foolery.

Local authorities anxious to expend money on public works to provide employment are suffering badly from Whitehall's red tape. Avoidable delay in such matters is inexcusable.

The Bleating Sheep.

Months after JOHN BULL the general Press is now excited about the scandal of permitting ex-Cabinet Ministers to use official material for the disclosure of which ex-civil servants would be sent to gaol. Too late—as usual.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of JOHN BULL which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated Jan.	20th, 1923	616,122
"	27th "	621,238
"	Feb. 3rd "	640,870
"	10th "	668,496
"	17th "	679,343

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Chartered Accountants.

A Dogged Fighter.

It is a game fight Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen is putting up at Mitcham, and if he keeps his head he ought to win.

Next, Please!

A Bill has been introduced to do away with the anomalies in London's drinking hours. Now we're waiting for the Bill to do away with the silly restrictions altogether.

Not Cricket.

The Free Church Touring Guild has its circulars printed and posted in Germany. It may be cheaper, but it's poor patriotism in the present state of unemployment.

More Market Rigging.

Although the price of sugar has risen there is 3½ million hundredweight more sugar in bond than there was a year ago. Someone stands badly in need of a sharp lesson.

A Profitable Business.

The price of fresh herrings, 1d. per pound wholesale and 6d. per pound retail, with the difference in the price of other fish equally great, requires official investigation.

A Fine Puff.

Before dying at the age of 106, Isaac Lamb, of Farnham, attributed his long life to the use of tobacco. Probably anti-tobacco advocates will now suggest that if he had not smoked he would be living yet.

A Useless Law.

The sale of cigarettes after 8.0 p.m. is legal from automatic machines, but not over the counter. These silly restrictions are self-condemned by the ease with which they can be evaded.

Not Wobbling—Really.

Lord Robert Cecil has been accused of coquetting with every political group in the House of Commons. What the prophets forget is that to a Cecil there is only one party—the family party.

The Warrior Chemists.

All experts agree that in future the soldier's fate is to be that of a poisoned pup, and that civilians will be exterminated like vermin. So ends the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." And with it, let us hope, war itself.

Something Wrong.

The bright young gentlemen who compile the monthly statistics on the cost of living have been comparing their tables with their own domestic budgets, and they cannot reconcile the two. We are not surprised. We always thought there was something wrong with the optimistic statistics.

Brave Little Joan.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the story of little Joan Webb, a six-year-old Byfleet girl who, badly injured in a road smash, greeted her father on his home-coming with a cheery "Hello, daddy, I'm all right!" and having prayed "God bless mummy and daddy," died. A brave mite indeed! A little heroine if ever there was one.

The Sob of the Child.

The lot of the youngsters in some parts of Wales is really distressing. In Llanelly alone during the past year 565 children were under observation for malnutrition, while the poor attendances at Brynmawr schools were found to be due to the children being without boots. Millions are always immediately forthcoming for our wars and our bureaucrats, but the children's sobbing is unheeded.

The Labourer and His Hire.

One excellent reason why men prefer the dole to work may be found in the following advertisement which appeared in a Staffordshire paper: "Wanted Man used to Property Repairing, one or two days weekly, 2s. 6d. a day, living Longton or Stoke.—Write Rhodes, Tittenensor." A property owner who offers pay at the rate of 15s. a week for an experienced man is not likely to be overwhelmed with applicants.

A Just Judge.

The wife of a discharged and unemployed soldier before the Southwark County Court admitted owing £15 for rent. She pleaded that £1 a week pension money, less 10s. a week for rent, was all that the family had to live on. "I have tried to pay my debts by taking the food from my children's mouths," she cried. "Madam," replied Judge Sir Thomas Granger, "I am exceedingly sorry for you, and if at all possible I will help you." Here is tragedy indeed.

A Fine Fellow.

Edward John Hurley, a farmer of Huxton Court, Somerset, fearing that they might be drowned in the flood, took his lambing ewes to another meadow. While crossing a temporary bridge, the animal Hurley was carrying struggled to get away, and in endeavouring to prevent it both farmer and sheep fell into the stream. The sheep was saved, but Hurley was drowned—through his great anxiety to help his dumb charge. A noble example.

Hound Him Out!

The most contemptible and dangerous plagues of women in Cardiff is Thomas Phelps, a married man. When thrashed by the husband of a woman he had betrayed, and whose home he had tried to break up, Phelps issued a summons. The magistrate bound Phelps over to be of good behaviour for twelve months, and also told him he was a beast who should be hounded out of Cardiff and out of human society. Decent Cardiff folks now know how they are expected to act.

These Women Chasers.

Charles Wilkins, who holds a prominent position at the Colonial office, has had to pay dearly for his wicked treatment of a York V.A.D. Nurse, but the £1,000 he has to give her for the wrong he has done is not one penny too much. He persuaded the girl to break her engagement with a man she was to marry. And when she had done this he seduced her. Now she is the mother of his child. The money is a small compensation to the betrayed girl, but the fact that Wilkins has been taught a lesson may serve as a warning to other women chasers.

So Said Adam.

A man was fined five shillings at Liverpool for scratching on his cell bed: "This is a home from home. Four days gone so far. Expect three months. All for a woman. Home, sweet home." All for a woman! So said Adam when turned out of his home, sweet home.

Eight Years After.

Mr. Joseph Thompson, of Leeds, who lost his wife and son in the Lusitania disaster, may expect payment of compensation "almost immediately," states Viscount Wolmer on behalf of the Government. Some Rip van Winkle of Whitehall must have wakened up.

A Beastly Business.

The time is overdue for the exposure in Parliament of the scandal of the French Government compelling German municipalities to supply brothels for the troops of occupation, including the Senegalese. In a recent German budget the cost of furnishing these brothels was included. Why are the Bishops silent?

Seven Years Sober!

The Secretary of the Maldon, Witham, Burnham, Southminster, Tollesbury and District Licensed Victuallers' Association proudly informs us that in the Dengie Division of Maldon, Essex, there has not been a charge of drunkenness for seven years! We are not offering a prize for any district which can beat this wonderful record. After all, much may depend upon the quality of the beer.

At Last He's Gone!

William Bell, of Westminster, a taxicab driver, was sentenced to two months' hard labour, and disqualified from ever holding another licence, for being drunk while in charge of a taxicab. Bearing in mind that he had over twenty previous convictions against him, doubtless this is a right and proper sentence. But what a long, long time it took to find out that he was a danger to the public.

Menace to the Country.

Astounding revelations were made at Clowne, Chesterfield, with regard to the lax conditions in connection with the outbreak of small-pox. Suspected cases were discharged from the hospital in ten days or less, patients were allowed to remain at home several days even when they were covered with spots. In one home a patient and seven or eight other members of the family were going to work as usual. Clowne seems to be as silly at its name suggests.

Breton's Bournemouth Bluff.

Breton's agents in Bournemouth are canvassing for funds for his "Poor Children's Society," which we have again and again exposed. The charitable public should be interested in the following extract from a letter from the Hants Constabulary to a local reader:—"It is to be hoped that public opinion will make it impossible for these people to continue their activities." Why does not the Home Secretary translate public opinion into action?

A Quick Change.

Captain Gypsy Pat Smith, the well-known hot-gospeller, has abandoned the highly objectionable system of collecting money in envelopes distributed amongst his audience in which they were invited to put personal thank-offerings, these envelopes being opened only by himself. We protested against this system, and we are glad that our protest has been so quickly productive of reform. We are told that Gypsy Pat was born in a caravan and served in the Northumberland Fusiliers. Neither circumstance would make the envelope habit less objectionable.

No Right to Live.

The right to live does not apply in the case of William Anthony Henry Bennett, a married man, of 212, Ruskin Road, Crewe. Not only did he betray a Rochdale woman, who had a child by him, but also her daughter, of whose two children he is the father. Beasts like Bennett ought to be exterminated. What have the women to say for themselves?

Fortune-Telling Humbug.

Punishment they will not soon forget should be dealt out to fortune-telling frauds, when they are brought into Court. Mildred Ashby, who told a Dawlish policeman he was a fast young man and fond of women, went free on paying a £2 fine. Another humbug, George Holland, of Barnsley, escaped on paying £5. Have our magistrates forgotten that the rantings of such parasites have driven foolish women to do desperate things.

Kill-Joy Kings.

The holy Willies in a majority on its Town Council are inclined to make Ayr a place not fit to live in on Sundays, and to envelop it in a shroud of gloom. Poor hearts they are, and they never rejoice. They do not even go boating on Sundays, and will not let others do it. Moreover, it is whispered, should the sun shine on Ayr on the Sabbath day it will be prosecuted, and birds that sing decapitated. The saintliness of Ayr must be maintained at all costs.

Shaky and Shady.

Owen Wavering, of 12, Jubilee Place, London, S.W., poses in advertisements as a well-known journalist who assists unemployed with advice as to where, when and how to obtain employment. The wavering lines of his screed suggest that his stock-in-trade consists of a very decrepit typewriter and a most hectic cheek, and his assertion that he is in no way a fee-snatcher is belied by his insistence upon a remittance of 5s. from all applicants.

Hunting for Crime.

The police who instituted the bigamy charge against Lydia Webb, aged 60, wanted a job. Married in 1885 to a drunkard and wife-beater, she was deserted and left destitute. Some years later she went through a form of marriage with George Webb, with whom she has lived happily ever since. In sentencing her to one day's imprisonment, the Recorder said it was a case which should never have been brought. That is our view exactly.

Birds of Passage.

Jay Brothers & Co., of 21, Villiers Street, London, W.C., advertised skirts at 8s. in a weekly paper for women. A poor girl who sent that sum applied to the Advertisement Manager of the periodical in question when she was unable to obtain the goods, only to be informed that the birds had flown. That is small consolation. No reputable paper should accept advertisements without first satisfying itself regarding the bona fides of the advertisers.

Telkamp's Tricks.

Our old acquaintance, James Telkamp, whose mellifluous circulars regarding his Dutch bulbs and his Dutch "bulb growers blood" have so long caused amusement, is becoming vexatious. He undertakes that all orders amounting to one guinea and over are sent entirely carriage free to any destination in the United Kingdom, but we are receiving complaints that they are despatched carriage forward, and customers have the greatest difficulty in recovering the heavy charges paid, though the bulbs arrive too late to plant.

We Pay Again.

Compensation claims in respect of deaths and injury to civilians through German air raids six years ago are still being paid. The money, of course, is provided by the British taxpayer. It would be indelicate to mention the matter to Germany.

Through Gaol to Liberty.

An Aldershot order directs that, in the case of a soldier fined with the alternative of imprisonment, the fine will be paid and deducted from pay. As imprisonment means expulsion, young soldiers find that a short term in gaol is an easy way out of the Army. Hence the order.

The Woe of Weburn.

The Duke of Bedford sees in high taxation the cause of unemployment. He pays super-tax at the highest rate, and only 7s. 9d. in the £ of his income is left to him. As it follows that his taxable income must be over £30,000 a year the Duke is still a long way off the workhouse. It is the indirect taxation on the necessities of life that causes the trouble.

The Too-Rich Tramp.

Because William Mason, a man without a home, had £50 in his possession, the Chief Constable asked the Leamington Magistrates to remand him. Mason explained that the money was his life's savings, and the Magistrates did the right thing when they turned the Chief Constable down. Chief Constables should encourage thrift—not discourage it.

A Doorstep Scandal.

One of the arresting Bills of the Parliamentary Session will be the Lord Chancellor's Industrial Assurance Bill. In this class of insurance more than 51,000,000 policies are in existence involving premiums of £25,000,000, out of which not less than 44 per cent. goes in expenses and commission. Doorstep insurance is in many respects a flagrant public scandal, often exposed, but not yet remedied.

No Stigma on Scots.

We unwittingly did an injustice to Scotland in declaring that "Great Britain is harder on its illegitimates than any other country claiming to be civilised." Readers beyond the border have hastened to point out that in Scotland the subsequent marriage of the parents automatically legitimises the offspring. Then with a Scot as Prime Minister there should be little difficulty in applying the same law to Sassenachs.

Twelve Niggers and Thirteen White Girls.

Women's association with black men is a moral menace, and in many other respects a grave peril. Abraham Richards, of 6, Anderston Quay, Glasgow, has been making it a source of profit. When the police made a raid upon his den they found twelve coloured men there along with thirteen white women and four white men. Dancing was going on. The Glasgow Western Magistrates fined Richards a guinea for not having a dancing licence. And we ask how is it that race degeneracy takes place.

The Blue 'Bus of Scrappiness.

Lewisham Borough Council has drawn attention to the abuse of the roads arising out of the feud between the red and the blue 'buses. Alderman Mathews described as "murderous tactics" the "stand-up fight" he had witnessed between two red 'buses and a blue 'bus in which the latter was being pushed off the road. Such murderous tactics are adopted by a Trust in America to maintain its monopoly. The public should stamp out any attempt to introduce such methods here.

A Very Particular Prebendary.

The Reverend Claud E. L. Corfield, M.A., Vicar and Surrogate of St. Mary Magdalene, Taunton, Prebendary of Wells, and sometime Canon of Southwell, to give him full honours, displays a delicate sense of distinction in the current issue of his parish magazine, in which he announces "a great service for ladies, women and girls of all classes." We wonder in which category he would place his patron saint.

The Vermin Killers.

Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, ex-Chief of Staff in the Tank Corps, tells us what war in the future will be like. The use of gas from aeroplanes will "destroy infantry like vermin." He suggests that 500 aeroplanes over London each carrying 500 gas bombs of 10 lb. "might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into a panic." Not a pleasing prospect even on a "minor" scale.

Another Hun Who Won't Pay.

Germans have made up their minds not to pay anything to England. One of them, named Andreas Jurgensen, was caught smuggling at Goole, and on being fined £10 7s., said that represented one-and-a-half year's wages as a seaman, and he could not pay. The Magistrates were wise in deciding that the smuggler must either pay or go to gaol. They, at any rate, had not forgotten how the Germans treated many of our sailors during the war.

A DEATHLESS DESIRE

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A PRISON chaplain once told me that the most pathetic thing to be observed in people who get on the wrong side of the law is their longing for respect.

Even hardened criminals usually have some trace of it, though they may not show it and are scarcely conscious of its existence.

I have acted on this statement and found it true.

Treat a waster as though he were your equal, which perhaps he is, and as a rule he will respond on that level.

The cheat, the liar, the sneak, the petty pilferer, the drunkard, the foul liver, the betrayer of innocence—all like to be taken for something different, and for the moment they are different.

They are better than their habitual selves in being regarded as better.

Actually they are not different; they remain what they were, and it would be unwise to proceed on any other assumption, for no man can cancel his past with a word.

But what they find hardest to bear is contempt—their own as well as that of their fellow-men.

That is why the tone of respect falls on their ears like water on the tongue of one dying of thirst.

For deep down in his heart every man feels that he is potentially better than he has ever managed to show, although also perhaps worse than the world suspects. Self-condemnation and self-reverence are not mutually incompatible.

There is something of the criminal in us all, and something of the angel too; it is impossible for human wisdom to define accurately the limits of merit and demerit.

But one thing is sure, and that is that the invincible desire to stand well with one's conscience and in the esteem of honourable men is the token of a good in human nature that no amount of devilry can completely kill.

Words to the Wise.

"Words are wise men's counters," and JOHN BULL changes them for cash, if they are made into winning *Bullets*. In the current competition the first prize is £1,500, the second £250, and the third £100. You have until March 8 to send in the line which may win you a fortune.

"Lights o' London."

Mr. Alfred H. Angus, Principal of Tettenhall College, Stafford, does not think a boy's education is complete until he has been behind the scenes of a music-hall and learned how to stay at an hotel. The worthy master is consequently conducting a party of fourteen boys around London. The idea deserves commendation.

The German Limit!

Whitehall's newly-acquired passion for economy has led to the adoption of pencils stamped "Made in Germany," and, as may be imagined, the clerks, most of whom are ex-Service men, are not saying honeyed things about them. And with their experience of German lead in another form fresh in their minds, who shall say they are not justified?

Firewood Fiasco.

Honesty may be a little old-fashioned, but it is the best policy, as Walter Coe, valet, of Halifax, may by this time have found out. Coe acted as only a despicable rogue would in swindling people in search of a job and who had a little money, by selling them partnerships in his miserable firewood business. He got six months for his trickery. It's a pity he couldn't be made to subsist on his firewood.

An Impudent Hun.

Captain R. George Davison, of Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, a well-known rolling-stock broker, has invented a new Railway Chair Key. O. Stolz, an impudent German engineer in Bonn, has written to tell him, in deplorable English, that he has hit on the same invention and invites Captain Davison to share the German invention—of course at the Englishman's expense. "We will cheat you yet," said a famous Junker. Obviously there are plenty of Huns quite willing to try.

Heroes or Blackguards?

Alvah, near Banff, is obviously suffering from a wave of moral degradation. A number of young men were brought before the Sheriff charged with indecently assaulting a little domestic servant under sixteen, who is about to become the mother of a nameless child. "When you go back," said the Sheriff in giving sentence, "you will be regarded as heroes." A scathing comment on the district from which these fellows hail.

Football Betting.

Our recent exposures of shady football book-makers have given great satisfaction to the sporting public. It was unfortunate, however, that in a paragraph contained in our issue of February 3rd last we included the name of Mr. John H. Craike, trading as the "Premier," in a list of such defaulters. From information now in our possession we gather that Mr. Craike was in fact victimised by a fraudulent supervisor and that his own methods of business are beyond criticism. Indeed, we have Mr. Craike's assurance that he is paying the winning coupon holders at Hull the full amount found to be due to them, his desire being that none of them should suffer through the actions of his supervisor. In a spirit of fairness we desire to make this clear, and to express our regret for any damage which may have been occasioned through the publication of the paragraph in question.

SEARCHING FOR SOILED SOULS.

Plan to Exploit Unemployed Girls

In Salt Lake City preparations for a new Mormon missionary campaign are being prepared. We have had enough of these Mormons and don't want any more.

APPARENTLY the Elderly Sinners who form the mainstay of the Latter Day Saints find there is a shortage of eligible "brides" in Utah, for it has been decided to organise a new Missionary Expedition with the object of beating up for recruits in the industrial centres of Great Britain, and the thousands of unemployed girls in our midst are to be exploited by young missionaries carefully trained in the art of putting before these girls the attractions of life under the domain of the Elders.

It is proposed that the new expedition should be ready to set out for Europe this spring, and every effort is being made to accomplish this.

For the purpose of instructing the faithful missionaries the United Kingdom has been split up into six separate districts, and the youths selected for missionary work are to be coached in the art of making appeals to the women of these districts, by experienced men in the "missionary field," who have studied on the spot the conditions with which the new arrivals will have to contend.

The selection of the missionaries was left to a selection board made up of some of the veteran Elders and preachers of the Mormon faith who had "done" Europe, and had made a special study of the mentality of the maidens among whom the recruits are to be sought. It was stipulated that candidates for the mission must be young, good looking, and capable of making themselves agreeable to the women among whom they would labour.

Thirty of the evangelists are to work a district extending from South Wales into the Midlands, forty are to work the two districts mapped out between Scotland and Lancashire, and ten others are to work the

missionary fields embraced in three districts including the South and West of England, and the greater part of Yorkshire.

All will be under the direction of Chief Elder Ezra Smith, who claims descent from the family of Joe Smith, the first Apostle of Mormonism.

Each missionary will be armed with specially prepared statistics to prove to his own satisfaction that Providence has so smiled on Utah that there is no poverty, and no girl need lack economic independence. Stress is also to be laid on the large number of eligible young men who are eagerly awaiting the "brides recruited in the European mission field, because they prefer them to American girls. Allurements in the shape of promises of lucrative positions in Salt Lake City will also be held forth.

Though missionaries are enjoined to disclaim any association between Mormon teachings and polygamy, it is significant that they are receiving special coaching in interpreting certain passages of the Old Testament in a manner that is bound to prejudice young and impressionable girls, or at least to make them think less harshly of polygamy than women of our race usually do. In other words the minds of the converts are to be prepared in advance for the conditions they will find when they reach Salt Lake City and when they accept the situations offered them on arrival it is hoped that they will soon view the prospect of marriage to the elect with equanimity.

This plan of invasion is being developed openly as though it were a most worthy undertaking. It is for the authorities to move in the matter at once by seeing to it that no facilities for entering British territory are accorded these corrupters of young womanhood.

A FLAXEN-HAIRED FRAUD

Adventures of a Get-Rich-Quick Artist

The fact that he is young, innocent-looking and has nice manners makes Donald T. Heaysman, whom we expose here, all the more dangerous. Watch him.

BEWARE of a plausible young fellow with flaxen hair, a slim figure, engaging manners, and a lighthearted air of youthful innocence and enthusiasm, who flits through life as if it were a great joke. The joke hitherto has been all on his side, and is likely to remain so until he is laid by the heels and descends to reality in a prison cell.

Such is Donald T. Heaysman, a get-rich-quick artist, who has already on more than one occasion engaged our attention, and who, we find, is still at his tricks of living on his wits at the expense of the gullible and simple-minded.

For all his air of innocence, he has sufficient knowledge of the world to know where to look for pigeons to pluck. He may be young in years but he is old in experience in trickery.

He invented, or copied from some other crook, a system of philanthropy for fools, which he ran under the name of "James Baxter & Company," of 2, Beckenham Lane, High Street, Bromley, Kent, offering to let anyone who cared to send him £1 into the secret of how to make £50 within a month.

The address was merely an accommodation one, at which Heaysman called to collect the contributions of his confiding dupes.

He also turned to profit the screen fever with which so many young girls are afflicted nowadays, and as "The Marquis Film Company," extracted money from would-be film stars on the pretext of giving them tuition.

He then blossomed out as "The Imperial Vaudeville Company," with "Head Office and Rehearsal Theatre," at 107, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. As "Sole Proprietor and General Manager," he invited investment in a revue called "Surprises," promising a hundred per cent. return of £2 a week

on an investment of £100.

The revue was appropriately named, but the surprises were of a rather disagreeable character for all concerned, for it ran for only two weeks, and Heaysman stranded the company in the North of England without paying their salaries.

Heaysman then resumed his sneak-thief activities both in the direction of selling his wonderful scheme for making £50 in a month, and in extracting fees from the screen-struck, but our exposure of him seriously curtailed his profits from these resources.

Nothing daunted, this debonair young plunderer has resuscitated "The Imperial Vaudeville Company," and is again advertising for an Assistant Manager.

As his advertisement contains no indication of its source, replies being sent to a box number at the office of the newspaper in which it appears, applicants who receive an invitation to call at the "Head Office and Rehearsal Theatre," in Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, will do well to be on their guard against this flaxen-haired fraud.

There is no limit to the audacity of such a plausible philterer, and we have reason to believe that Heaysman, disconcerted by the light which our previous exposures have thrown on his activities, is attempting to break fresh ground with another get-rich-quick scheme run under a different name from a new address.

He doubtless hopes that before his identity is discovered he will be able to find enough dupes to enable him to live a little longer in the lighthearted fashion to which he has become accustomed. Let our readers take warning and beware of his barefaced but ingenious traps.

We are watching him.

THE DUPED DETECTIVES

A gang of expert and very cool thieves planned a coup to rob the safe of the Lambeth Guardians, Renfrew Road, Kennington.

Somebody, however, accidentally overheard the conspirators, and warned a young detective attached to the L. Division, giving him the actual date when the burglars would come along and try to carry off the safe, known to contain over £200 in cash and notes.

The detective reported the matter to the local Chief. The Chief had the informant brought before him, satisfied himself that the story was true, and set about preparing a trap that would catch the criminals red-handed.

In any job less easy, it might have occurred to the Intelligent Intelligence Department officers to make assurance doubly sure by emptying the safe before the burglars arrived.

But the capture was so certain that it was not deemed necessary to remove the booty. It would be more

dramatic to round up the miscreants festooned with the stolen notes.

The Chief ordered a sergeant, who was his assistant, to arrange a special watch. The sergeant detailed a detective to take charge of seven policemen, four of them armed, and to watch the front entrance to the premises that were to be burgled.

The Sergeant ordered the detective and his men on no account to leave their posts unless ordered by the sergeant himself.

So far so good. The trap was set. All the burglars had to do was to walk into it. The sergeant either went home to bed or was sent out on some other job, or for some other reason faded from the scene—and the story,

The burglars obligingly came along, and precisely on time. They were as punctual as a young man calling on his best girl.

Only, using their undoubted privilege as expert and professional burglars, they decided to enter by the back door, instead of the front. It

was not modesty, perhaps, merely precaution.

But it completely jiggered up the police plan. Not believing to any great extent in the innate and blushing modesty of the enterprising burglar tribe, the police firmly refused to watch the back door.

But all through the night they watched the front door, keen-eyed, sleuth-like, unrelentingly vigilant.

In the meantime, the burglars, entering the premises, worked steadily at the safe for three hours. It beat them. They retired to the nearest coffee-shop for food. They retired as they entered, by the back door.

The police, their gaze glued on the front door, continued to watch, keen-eyed, sleuth-like, unrelentingly vigilant.

Their original informer, at one o'clock in the morning, having found out the truth of this low back-door trick, came and told the police all about it.

The police carefully noted the

intimation, and continued to watch the wrong door, keen-eyed, sleuth-like, unrelentingly vigilant. Till the sergeant returned to release them, no man could or would leave his post.

Of course, the burglars, if they had any sense of decency, should have come to the rescue of the police and surrendered. After all, the police had won on points.

They returned—by the backdoor—lifted the uncrackable safe out of the building, put it in a motor van, and drove it away.

It was a shabby trick. So it must have appeared to the police, rooted to the spot, unable to move without orders, waiting resolutely for the sergeant, who was peradventure asleep, or had gone on a journey.

There they stayed, keen-eyed, sleuth-like, etc., a standing example of devotion to orders. Not since the boy stood on the burning deck and went down with the ship has so resplendent an example been given of fidelity, discipline and self-restraint.

How A Safe Was Stolen Under Their Noses

Crooks as Would-Be M.P.s.

WE do not want crooks in Parliament. They will, however, certainly get in unless greater care is exercised by the political organisations which recommend candidates to the constituencies. Below we reveal how an ex-convict was actually financed by the National Liberal Party, though his true character could have been easily established by one telephone inquiry.

THE true story of how "John Wilkinson" Jennings, now serving a sentence of four years penal servitude, imposed upon—and was financed by—a great political organisation is one of amazing impudence and cynical audacity, which, one would think, would not have taken in a village half-wit. Yet it easily and successfully deceived a famous Liberal organisation, presided over by Mr. David Lloyd George, M.P.

When the General Election loomed up last Autumn, it lured a large number of people with the magic prospect of a great political career.

Among those fascinated by this dazzling outlook was "John Wilkinson" Jennings. His qualifications were three shillings and eightpence in ready cash—real money—a false Christian name, several aliases, ten county court summonses, four overdrawn banking accounts and five convictions for fraud.

Some time before, on coming out of jail—and, like Alexander, seeking fresh worlds to conquer—he called at the office of the London Liberal Federation, to whom Mr. Outhwaite, of the Anti-Waste League had obligingly telephoned his coming, sent in his name, with the haughty insistence of a millionaire coming to the rescue of a poor but pre-eminently deserving constituency, flooded the room with hot air, dazed the officials with big talk and walked out the admired, approved, suggested Wee Free Candidate for North Paddington. The plank bed seemed so far away; the Government Bench so conveniently near.

An official of the London Liberal Federation notified the North Paddington Wee Free Executive that Jennings was on his way.

He arrived at the North Paddington Liberal Office, at 4, Sutherland Avenue, Malda Vale, in a sumptuous Rolls-Royce (borrowed), with a sumptuous Rolls-Royce manner (assumed).

North Paddington, on his recommendation by the London Liberal Federation, took Jennings to its bosom. On the evening of his arrival—the 30th October—in the company of the Chairman, Mr. F. S. Henwood, J.P., L.C.C., he went round the constituency and met the leading Wee Free citizens.

He had no money, but four banking accounts (overdrawn). In the intervals of telling people that he had served in the Boer War (at which date he would have been under ten years old), that he had been given his commission by Field-Marshal Sir John French on the 6th August, 1914 (he said nothing of his brazen effrontery at home!), that he was a friend of Lord Rothermere—and many other matters of this kind which nobody felt under any obligation to verify—he opened still another banking account with a forged cheque, and ostentatiously

paid the necessary deposit to the Sheriff.

Things were marching. He issued an Election address in which he praised Mr. Asquith to the skies. But, suddenly, from the same skies, as it were, came a thunderbolt. It took the form of a returned cheque.

This returned cheque was not the only one; they soon began to arrive in battalions. The Wee Frees, many of whose supporters had been badly stung, woke up—amazed and indignant.

They confronted Jennings with the position. He apologised, explained, prevaricated, and—promised.

But his cheques persistently came back. Angry creditors chased up his record, nearly fainted when they found it, and then blew the whole Jennings castle of fraud and deception sky-high. They went to his meetings and publicly repudiated him. Jennings threatened them with writs, and went on talking.

The amazed Executive of the North Paddington Wee Frees blamed their own Headquarters for having sent them this man without instituting any enquiries as to his suitability for candidature. They went to the meetings of the opposition candidate and denounced their own man—denounced him publicly as a man whom they could no longer support.

Jennings was dismayed, but refused to be defeated. The much-convicted man had at least the courage of his convictions. On the 10th November, two days after he had been publicly repudiated by his own supporters, he called for his Rolls-Royce (borrowed), put on his best injured innocence expression (assumed), and went straight to the office of the Lloyd George Party, at 25, Old Queen Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

He saw Lt.-Colonel G. J. S. Scovell, C.B.E., right-hand man to Sir Alfred Cope, the Big Noise of the Party, and told him the tale. Perhaps he had heard of the way the Bournemouth candidate had been so freely financed by these people. Anyway, he saw Lt.-Colonel Scovell, and, speaking as man to man—and incidentally as bogus Captain to real Colonel—he said that he had lost the support of his followers—because he had refused to attack Lloyd George. A true, sincere and patriotic Liberal, he refused, as it were, to take a dagger from the hand of any man and plunge it, metaphorically, into the back of the national and National Liberal hero, Mr. Lloyd George.

His story was swallowed. At that interview, on the 10th November, 1922, he left the office of the Lloyd George Party an accepted Lloyd George candidate, with a Lloyd George Party cheque for £250 in his pocket, and the prospect of more to follow.

Let it be clear that this took place after Jennings had been repudiated by the Wee Frees two days after he had been publicly denounced in the Constituency!

Jennings then swaggered round North Paddington with renewed self-confidence, a replenished exchequer, and a supply of Lloyd George literature. He took out the name of Asquith from his election address, and gratefully substituted that of Mr. Lloyd George.

He maintained his front of brass, and, on the following Monday, rolled up to the office of the Lloyd George party for the balance of brass he expected.

In the three days which had elapsed since the first interview, Sir Alfred Cope had become acquainted with the truth. There

is no need to dwell upon the amazement of this gentleman. On Monday, 13th November, when Jennings called for the rest of the money, he was confronted with ex-Inspector Drew, of Scotland Yard, and invited to explain his list of convictions as George Augustus Jennings.

Jennings smiled. "A natural question," he graciously admitted. "The man you speak of is my brother. Sad business, family skeleton, my dear fellow, every family has its black sheep, you know," (by-play with slight sobs and silk handkerchief).

He might have got away with it. "John Wilkinson George Augustine Caesar" Jennings no doubt hoped that he would.

Ex-Detective Drew may, or may not, have been deeply affected. But he asked Jennings to give him an example of his finger-prints. Jennings refused, and stamped out of the room, disdainfully ignoring the crestfallen dupes he had so effectively plundered.

Next day he pulled out his political card-index, decided for Communism and Bolshevism, and went on with the election. He polled over six thousand votes.

His subsequent arrest and conviction for fraud is public history. It is the inner story that we have told. In his election address, Jennings said he stood for:

"Work—by which to live
A Home—in which to live."
He has got both—for the next four years.

But what of the great political organisation which, in the middle of an election, after the ex-convict had been repudiated by his own supporters, handed over to him a cheque for £250, without bothering to lift the telephone receiver to ask a few simple questions?

At the trial at the Old Bailey Jennings subpoenaed Lt.-Colonel Scovell as a witness. As an after-thought, however, the Judge was asked by Jennings, whether, in special circumstances, he might be permitted to submit to His Lordship, on a slip of paper, the name of the organisation which had financed him. Publicity, of course, was the last thing desired.

The request was granted by the Judge, and Lt.-Colonel Scovell did not give evidence. The name of the Lloyd George Party was kept out of it. Their reputation was saved.

But, in the public interest, we have disclosed the true facts of the case.

Is this the sort of thing that political organisations are for? Is it for this that good Liberals, up and down the Country, subscribe their money?

The same Party was concerned in the Bournemouth case. The North Paddington fiasco is far more serious. What have Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Alfred Cope to say?

THE TRIPS OF CAPTAIN SARLL

Round-the-World Tours which Do Not Start

WE advise our readers who may be tempted to join one of the expeditions projected by Captain T. W. H. Sarll, of the Press Club, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, to remember Punch's celebrated advice to those about to marry—don't.

Captain Sarll puts very alluring advertisements in the papers—outlining a world-tour for trade, pleasure, exploration, hunting, and films—beginning with the palm-fringed coral islands of the South Seas, and going, ultimately, all round the world for sport.

Qualifications, £500; or two guineas a day for passengers. For this sum, a trip round the world—a sort of modern Christopher Columbus voyage—what could be more alluring?

The captain tells us that he has a chance of getting a schooner-rigged auxiliary yacht, in Germany, for £4,000. It cost £25,000 in 1921.

It seems a bargain. Still we repeat our advice. A naval commander who was sent to Germany to inspect this ship is still waiting for the survey fee he claims.

There were other attractions. Stage performers were to be taken on board—to amuse passengers and give musical entertainments.

Captain Sarll estimated the profit at £100,000 for film rights, lectures, etc. A modest estimate.

Sarll has been an ex-South African trooper, a stoker, a sailor, and a cattleman on a boat. He has had his share of adventures. Recently he wrote an article in a Sunday paper denouncing a plausible rogue.

Versatility is a great gift. It does not guarantee success for money invested in romantic adventure, world tours that have a sticky habit of failing to start and of losing the money invested in them.

Depraved Peer's Disgusting Film

PERTURBED by our revelations, the gang who are exploiting indecent films in the West-end of London are now trying to cover up their tracks. We give some further information about them, and about the blackguard Peer of the Realm, with a great and venerable name, who finances some of the worst indecencies of the filthy film traffic.

THE exhibition of disgusting and indecent films in the West End of London to which we referred last week still goes on. Scotland Yard officers are earnestly pursuing the difficult task of rounding up the wretched creatures who are making a profit out of this horrible and loathsome trade.

It will not be an easy task. The utmost secrecy is maintained by the miscreants who deal in these shocking indecencies. They change the place of exhibition almost nightly, which is not difficult, as there are many private exhibition theatres, in the cinema districts around Soho.

When the venue has been decided upon, and the ordinary legitimate film performance for the night is over, people begin to drop in to the agreed resort round about midnight. They represent all classes. There are amongst them peers and publicans, actresses and bookmakers, men about town and—women of the town.

Touts go round the well-known haunts of the vicious and degenerate and pass the word where and when the salacious display is to take place. The spectators never haggle about the price of admission; they gratify their depraved tastes at any cost.

WE referred last week to one of the most dreadful of these indecent films, "The Fall," in which "Cissie, the Goblin Queen," harlot and procuress, and "Colonel Andrews," phallic expert, played their shameless parts. This film, reeking with gross indecency and naked obscenities, is a prime favourite with the

degenerates who gather in the secret Palaces of Unashamed Lust.

We have inspected various portions of this film which were cut off when breaks occurred in the run, and the film had to be patched. We say nothing about them, except that they are material evidence of the most shocking debasement to which human nature can be abused.

FURTHER, we can tell the history of the making of this film. It was made to the order, and at the expense, of a very well-known, and very wealthy Peer of the Realm, of very high rank. This man, whose moral character is of the lowest, took the film with him on a yachting trip, where it was his pleasure to show it to his guests, men and women, or rather male and female, who share his appalling and perverted tastes.

He paid for this film a sum running into four figures. When the wealthy vicious wish to indulge in their abnormal pleasures, money is no object. The film was made for him by a cinematographer, whose name is known throughout the film world.

This man gathered together wretched creatures who were willing to enact the sordid and bestial scenes required to tickle the jaded palates of the famous and ape-like peer, and his gorilla band.

With insolent effrontery he took a studio in a northern suburb of London, and there put his abandoned accomplices through their dreadful task of acting indecencies for this

indestructible film. The pitiable downcasts who helped him were well paid.

The wealthy peer paid his thousands on condition that one copy only of the film should be made and that it should be his exclusive property. There is no honour amongst the purveyors of film pornography. Four copies were made and are at present in circulation. One of them is in possession of a man in the Wardour Street film area, and is let out for secret exhibition at a fee of eighty pounds for each occasion.

These big fees are only possible because of the high prices the dirty-minded spectators are willing to pay. These people come to these exhibitions from all the most notorious haunts of vice in Mayfair and Belgrave, in Maida Vale and Chinatown. One of the most pestilent recruiting places is a well-known gaming house in Bloomsbury, run by a soiled and ignoble scion of the aristocracy.

THOSE who have won the money of their victims spend it in a generous treat in the admission to a degenerate show. Other people come on to these performances from lust revels arranged by the Queens of Vice, a final crowning programme of unmentionable sensuous sin.

Others come from drug parties, and bring with them young girls still under the numbing influence of opium and cocaine, an influence relied upon to prevent the nausea which sometimes accompanies a first per-

formance in the case of those whose squeamishness has not yet been finally banished in the dirty dens of this unutterable underworld.

The films are not exhibited in silence, nor are the spectators passive. A voice in the darkness supplies a running comment, more horrible if possible than the horrible scenes it accompanies. All the resources of worse than the language of the gutter are conscripted into the service of a low artist in verbal ordure.

Harlots lost to all sense of shame, the least reputable even in their dreadful profession, are frequently admitted free to the exhibitions. Their function is to move about amongst the audience until they find unaccompanied male visitors by whose side they sit, and increase the erotic excitement of the films.

Women of foreign nationality are the leaders amongst these depraved and vicious harpies. They come here from the slums and red-lamp quarters of continental cities to infect the West End of London.

Many of these women are well-known to the police. Some of the more notorious of them we have exposed in these columns. One of them, who does not disclaim the title of the "Queen of Vice," has not yet abandoned the idea of securing a film that will out-do all others in slimy and salacious zest.

IF the police will maintain a discreet and effective observation of some of these notorious characters, they will not be long in solving the secret of this dark and dreadful trade in dividend-paying dirt.

THE CANT OF A CAT-KILLER

Living in Luxury on Poor Pussies' Skins

OUR recent references to "The London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats and Dogs," 34 to 42, Ferdinand Street, Camden Town, London, N.W., have brought us many letters of approval.

The "Institution" is run by a mysterious woman who lives in luxury on the proceeds of her poetic appeals to the soft-hearted.

Who is this woman? Her latest appeals are signed "Z. C. Morgan." At one time she called herself "Miss Williams," and later changed her description to "Mrs. Williams," though she appears to have no legal title to any of these names.

It may not be without significance that at the head of her patronage list appears the name "H.S.H. Princess Lowenstein Wertheim," the notorious woman who was heavily fined during the war for a flagrant violation of the Regulations under the Aliens Restriction Order.

It is claimed that from the date of opening up to October 26th, 1922, no fewer than 468,430 cats have been received at the Camden Town

slaughter-house. The number of cats received last year is given as 12,422, and the number of dogs as 697, an average of from 60 to 80 cats and dogs daily.

In a prominent position above an illustration of a dog which has been injured by a motor-car and is about to be chloroformed by a man in uniform, supposed to represent an official of the Institution, appears the following:—

THE LAST BOON.

To ease the pain of the world,
To follow the path He trod—

These are the things that become a man

Made in the Image of God.

This sickening cant is positively revolting in view of the evidence which we have collected.

We do not know the value of the pelts of the half-million cats this callous, canting creature claims to have destroyed, but we do know that she lives in the lap of luxury with four maids to attend to her comfort on the proceeds of her shameless exploitation of poor pussy.

A HUSH-HUSH TOWN COUNCIL

Corruption Charges and a Strange Silence

WHAT is the significance of the profound silence with which the Report of a Special Committee appointed to investigate irregularities in various departments of the Corporation was received at a recent meeting of the Leigh (Lancs.) Town Council?

Albert Edward Hayman, formerly Clerk of Works in the employment of the Corporation, was recently charged on three counts with stealing scrap lead. He pleaded guilty to two of the three charges, and was convicted, but in view of the hardship which would have been entailed on his wife and family by a severe sentence, the local Magistrates imposed a fine of £50, allowing him a month in which to pay.

When Hayman was dismissed in consequence of irregularities, a Special Committee was appointed to make a full investigation. Their Report, which has just been submitted to the Council, reveals an amazing state of affairs.

They found that Hayman was appointed Clerk of Works without

the necessary ability or qualifications to hold such an office. He possessed, however, sufficient ability to feather his nest at the ratepayers' expense.

According to the Committee's findings, he sent Corporation workmen on private jobs in which he was personally interested, charging their time to the Corporation and providing them with materials out of the Corporation stock. He allowed workmen to down tools and attend local sporting meetings with him, booking the time so occupied to the ratepayers. He juggled with the Corporation stores and solicited secret commissions from contractors.

It is perfectly obvious that such a scandalous state of things could not exist without connivance.

Yet, when an exceptionally large number of ratepayers assembled at the recent quarterly meeting of the Council in the hope that some light would be shed on these dark spots in the local municipal administration, to their amazement the Report of the Committee was hurriedly passed without comment!

A PENALTY IN MARRIAGE

The Case of the Woman Teacher
by ARNOLD BENNETT

WHAT once was, and perhaps still is, the finest education authority in the world (London) has just decided that in future its women teachers, if they commit the eccentricity or crime of marrying, shall be dismissed from the service. In other words, a penalty has been attached to marriage and a premium put upon celibacy and upon irregular relations. The reasons for this strange course are alleged to be two.

IN the first place it is argued that a married woman who indulges in a profession is bound to neglect her home and her children. To which the first answer is that she may not have children. And to which the second answer is that public authorities have no right to make regulations intended to ensure the proper management of homes.

The proper management of a home is a matter for the heads of the home, namely, the husband and the wife; and nobody else, except the police and the sanitary authority, is entitled to interfere. Moreover, you cannot make efficient mothers by official regulations, and especially by regulations which deprive the mothers of an income and therefore of an independent status.

IN the second place it is argued that a married woman cannot properly attend to her duties of teaching. Now, other things being equal, a married woman ought to teach better than a spinster, because the chances

are a thousand to one that marriage enlarges not only her outlook but her understanding.

I quite agree that if any particular marriage does in fact involve for the woman teacher long absences from her work, then the education authority would be justified in putting an end to her engagement.

It is well known that some married women teachers have to abandon their duties for months at a stretch; and I do not see upon what economic grounds such a teacher can properly expect to be retained in her post. She must not ask for the best of both worlds—the official and the domestic.

THEREFORE, instead of a sweeping, hard-and-fast regulation which hits at all marriages, elastic regulations in my view should be made which would enable the education authority to consider every case on its merits.

And in drafting such regulations it should be borne well in mind that women are admittedly a very important factor in the teaching of children, that many women have great aptitude and love for the profession, and that to deprive a woman of her post and her income at the outset of marriage is a very grave step and may inflict a very real hardship.

SAINTS and SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

WHY is it, I wonder, that younger sons are so often more serious in their attitude towards life than their elder brothers? Or shall we say less frivolous? Whatever the cause, the fact remains that when a man rises to a considerable position in his profession at an early age, one usually finds that he is a younger son, and one always finds that he is tremendously in earnest.

As a comparative youth Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame has occupied positions of great importance; he is also a younger son, and frightfully serious. At the age of thirty-four he was discharging the onerous duties of a chairman to some war committee, and at thirty-six he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. It is obvious, therefore, that he is a very go-ahead young man, who is destined to go a good deal further ahead if his Party remains in power.

WHILE he was at Oxford he was one of those fortunate, or unfortunate, undergrads with "a reputation" for something or other. (Only unfortunate, of course, if they fail to make good after leaving college.) His reputation was founded on a habit he had already acquired of completely smashing any argument



Sir PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, M.P.

either for or against any theory advanced by someone else.

At a first glance this hardly suggests that he was exceptionally sober-minded. But he had a definite object in view. Firstly he was training for the law; secondly he wanted to enter Parliament. And he took his ambitions in life so seriously that he armed himself in advance against a host of future opponents. In other words, he carried the war into an imaginary enemy's camp on every possible occasion, and thus developed his powers of defence by the best of all methods—attack!

OXFORD has a fatal effect on some men. No one has ever yet explained it, and I can't quite explain it myself; but there is a deadening, heavy atmosphere about the place in general, and an oppressive, somnolent air about the colleges in particular, that snaps the energy of those who don't fight it, and makes most of our public men who begin life there prematurely old.

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame did not escape this influence; and though he is the spoilt child of the Conservative Party, his pranks are those of a very tired child who ought to be in bed. He looks upon the world with the pitying eyes of a melancholy Oxonian. He gives the impression that there is nothing in the world he does not know; and, in common with many others of his kidney, he suffers from the delusion that life has yielded up its secret exclusively to him.

As a result, real breadth of view is denied him, and he will never be capable of first-class work until, in the words of the Bible, he is "born again" and, what is probably more important, educated again from a totally different angle.

AT present there isn't the smallest possibility of his ever setting the Thames on fire; and perhaps the severest criticism one can pass on the present administration is to say that Sir Philip is the most promising of its younger men.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



To Uncle Sam we owe a debt of kindness, to be candid; For there's no doubt at all about His being "open-handed"



The policy of Decontrol Of rents should be reversed; Control we know has got to go But let's have houses first!



The very latest wireless "boon" Is simply fishbergasting, For Parliamentary speeches soon They're talking of broadcasting.



On dusky hands in distant lands We squander all our riches, While men who fought to want are brought And left to die in ditches!

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—"Up to FEBRUARY 31, the total number of National Savings Certificates sold was 614,158,854."

"BOYS' REALM":—"The first match of this series . . . resulted in a DRAW of TWO GOALS TO NIL."

"SHORT STORIES MAGAZINE":—"Struggling to get his balance, his fingers DUG DEEP INTO THE COLD STEEL BAR."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD":—"A fine of £2 was inflicted, the chairman saying that the LANGUAGE used by the defendant was some of the worst he had ever seen."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD" (advertisement):—"Wasted, SPEECHLESS, helpless—it was said that nothing more could be done for him. But HE HIMSELF BEGGED for ——— Tablets."

"HOME MIRROR":—"He BEAMED down on Jean and Geoffrey. But they were so busy kissing they never HEARD him!"

MR. BONAR LAW (according to the *Exeter Express and Echo*):—"The meeting WE HAD TO-DAY has been POSTPONED UNTIL TO-MORROW."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—"The majority of PROMINENT MEN in the town have received . . . these libellous communications, and now the writer has turned his attention to RESPECTABLE TOWNSFOLK."

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To Major TRYON, M.P.,
Ministry of Pensions.**

SIR,—We have repeatedly urged you to set your house in order. Major Cohen, M.P., who lost both legs in the war, said that, in view of the Government's honour, your department is the worst case on record. Mr. Martin, the blind Member for Aberdeen, said the pensioners cannot understand why one medical board can take away what is granted by another. Neither can we, nor anybody else. When you say that ex-Service men being treated in public lunatic asylums are well-treated, you miss the point. They ought not to be there. To send our war-broken soldiers to share the treatment of lunatics is a scandal for which the whole Empire blushes. For Heaven's sake, reform this procedure altogether.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. F. B. MEYER,
Kennington.**

DEAR STIGGINS,—No doubt you will be pleased to hear that the cranks who think the manly art of self-defence a degrading sin are on the war-path again. There is talk of a Bill to make boxing illegal. Tell your dismal friends, who are too proud to box, that they haven't a dog's chance. Courage and endurance—the test of the boxer—are great qualities, much greater than cant, hypocrisy, and Pickaniffism. The sportsmen will put up a winning fight against the killjoys. Seconds, out of the ring! Let the fight be to a finish.

JOHN BULL.

**To CHARLES V. CHAPMAN, Esq.,
Turf Accountant, London.**

SIR,—Your arguments in favour of taxing bets are sound common-sense. Why not make all bookmakers take out licences? They would be very pleased—and it would hamper the black sheep who only pretend to be bookmakers. Get the bookmakers to agree as to the method of collecting the tax; get the politicians to see that it is practicable. Then, in spite of the Non-conformist conscience, something will be done that will provide money for the State and lessen the burden of the income and other tax-payers, without doing any harm to the people who like an occasional flutter and see no crime in backing their fancy.

JOHN BULL.

**To ROBERT ATHERLEY-JONES, Esq.,
Stafferton Lodge, Maidenhead.**

SIR,—You are a barrister-at-law, and were recently a candidate for Parliamentary honours. You borrowed over thirteen hundred pounds from Mrs. Crawford, Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, and paid your moneylender creditors. When she asked for her money back you put in a "categorically untrue defence"—The Official Referee has impounded the documents and sent them to the Public Prosecutor. Do you think your conduct creditable to a member of the Bar and an aspirant for Parliament? If you do, I don't. We don't want in the House of Commons men who have women benefactors, and then treat them badly.

JOHN BULL.

**T RAMSAY MACDONALD, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.**

DEAR RAMSAY,—Your arguments in favour of a capital levy did not make much impression on some members of the Aldwych Club. It was disconcerting when you asked: "Is that confiscation?" to get the emphatic answer "Yes." Still, it will do you good. The best thing you said is: "We propose to do nothing without a change in public opinion." When that change takes place on this question, you will be an old man—a very old man.

JOHN BULL.

**To ULICK F. WINTOUR, Esq.,
General Manager, British Empire Exhibition.**

SIR,—You are a very lucky fellow. Under your general-managership a great Imperial project came to the verge of disaster. Now you are going to get an Act of Parliament to save the ship. Be grateful. Try and cultivate the tact Sir William Joynson-Hicks found you innocent of. And work loyally and earnestly under Sir James Stevenson and Sir Travers Clarke. That is your way out of the muddle, as well as the way out for the British Empire Exhibition.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
Home Secretary.**

SIR,—When are you going to reform the Passport Office? Lord Belhaven boasts that he crossed to France without a passport by taking a week-end ticket and signing himself "Robert Belhaven." It may not matter much: Lord Belhaven can look after himself. But when, as we showed the other day, carelessly issued passports enable little girls to be taken out of the country and exploited, it is a much more serious matter. Don't worry about the Peers, but do try to save the kiddies.

JOHN BULL.

**To E. SCRYMGEOUR, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.**

SIR,—You have presented a Bill to prohibit the sale and manufacture of alcohol—penalty, five years' penal servitude. You certainly have drastic ideas of the impropriety of a glass of beer with one's luncheon. Has it ever struck you that most of your Parliamentary salary comes out of the drink traffic, from which the State collects millions in revenue? If this thought penetrates what passes for your mind, don't you think you ought to go straight to Holloway and ask to be voluntarily immured? If you decide on such a trip, there will be no difficulty about getting up a procession with banners and bands to see you safely to the portals.

JOHN BULL.

**To the DUKE of WELLINGTON,
Hampshire County Council.**

YOUR GRACE,—You dissented from a resolution that promotion in the Hampshire County Police should be confined to those who had earned it by serving well in the lower ranks. The resolution was the outcome of a debate on the appointment by the Chief Constable of his own son-in-law as Assistant Chief Constable after only three weeks service in that Force, and over the heads of other police officers in that Force. Your Grace, you cannot be done out of your job by anybody's son-in-law. Other people are not so fortunate. Try and appreciate their view.

JOHN BULL.

**To CHARLES M. SCHWAB, Esq.,
Claridge's Hotel.**

SIR,—Carnegie's partner, you know something of finance. You tell us that your country, the United States, has been impoverished by collecting most of the world's gold. It is true that the most seaworthy ship could be sunk if you overloaded it with gold. Don't stand by and see America sunk by foreign gold. Save your country and send some of the money back here. We will risk being sunk by it. It you can't send the rest, send your own share. It will do to go on with.

JOHN BULL.

LATEST SPRING HANDICAP



JOHN BULL: "You'll have to get off some of that weight, Uncle, if you want to get to the top!"

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

SOBER-MINDED citizens are alarmed when they consider by what a thin margin Mr. Bonar Law's Government, with a fresh mandate from the electors, appears to hold office. Normally the Prime Minister has a majority of sixty-nine, but on an important division last week regarding Old Age Pensions, its actual

A Narrow Squeak

majority fell to twenty-two. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere. Either the Conservative rank and file have not yet realised their responsibilities, or the Government Whips do not know their business. The former alternative is the more likely one, and, since every Government, good or bad, deserves a fair chance, we feel it our duty to enter an emphatic protest against this growing slackness.

Every Member of Parliament has a duty not only to his constituents but to the country at large. The feeling among the electors generally is that the new Government ought to be allowed a fair chance to prove its worth and to redeem the pledges given last November. The country does not want another General Election, brought about not through a failure of public confidence, but because of the apathy of certain M.P.s who will not take the trouble to be in their places when important divisions are called.

The Opposition is keen and alert. Clearly there must be a heightened sense of responsibility, or before we know where we are the Government will be out of the saddle. We shall be surprised if either at Mitcham—where Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen is fighting for a seat—or at East Willesden—where Colonel G. F. Stanley is standing—the voters are found to have changed their minds since the General Election. But they do not expect their support of the Government to be stultified by slackness on the part of the rank and file in the House of Commons.

There is no escaping the moral of last week's division, which must have given the Ministerial Whips a shock. In these days, Members of Parliament are expected to treat their duties seriously, and gentlemen who prefer the amenities of the club or the golf course to their work at Westminster had better seek the Chiltern Hundreds with all convenient speed.

IT is no wonder that in all the bye-elections now in progress candidates should have made acquaintance with the heckler at his liveliest. The Government cannot shirk the

Hands Off Our Homes

responsibility of dealing with the housing problem, and no question more closely touches the lives of the people. Yet the problem need present no insuperable difficulty if only the Government will face the facts.

One principle may be laid down unflinchingly. There must be no general de-control of rents until the housing deficiency is made up. Tenants throughout the country are solid in support of this demand, and the Government will ignore it at its peril. The Rents Act, which, with all its faults, has been the Tenants' Charter during these trying years, must not be allowed to disappear until the supply of houses equals the

demand. If this inescapable condition is accepted, a vast amount of time and trouble will be saved. In the first place, it must be taken for granted that the public will not tolerate the abrogation of the rents restrictions which have been in force since the war; and, in the second place, the energies of the Government must be directed towards a sensible housing policy.

The country will await with eagerness the production of the plans adumbrated by Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen. There is no more urgent business. At all costs we must get on with building. Better an imperfect scheme than none at all. But no serious mistakes need be made if the Ministry of Health will use its common-sense and not be led by the nose by the building trade. Anyway, there must be no interference with the Rents Act until real habitable houses, and not mere paper programmes, are in existence. The rent profiteer is waiting his chance, and once the legal safeguards are removed rents will soar to fabulous levels.

If the Government allow this scandal they will topple from power with a crash. It is useless to argue that rent restrictions are economically unsound; perhaps they are, but the present housing conditions are a legacy of the war, and the war abrogated most abstract economic principles. The Conservative Party has good reason to remember what happened some years ago when the people of this country believed their food was in peril through certain fiscal proposals, and they may be certain that the same public will put up no less sturdy a fight in defence of its homes.

WE are breaking up the dope gangs. This we say not boastfully but in answer to those narrow-minded critics who have told us that in our exposures of the drug

The Dope Gangs

evil we have been alarming the public mind to no practical purpose. This view of the matter is not likely to be shared by the Chinese rascals and their British agents who since the publication of our articles have been laid by the heels.

Lately the police have been engaged in a regular round-up of the Oriental dope dealers, and the wholesale arrests of Chinamen in Limehouse and Liverpool is likely to have a salutary effect upon the gangs who infest the East End of London. Meanwhile, we congratulate the Home Secretary upon his decision to amend the Dangerous Drugs Act, 1920, in such a way as to make the punishment fit the crime as regards dope dealing.

If the new Bill becomes law, as it will if Parliament does its duty, the maximum penalty for unlicensed trafficking in such drugs as opium and cocaine will be a fine of £1,000 or ten years' penal servitude, or both. Knowing the Chinese dope dealers and their depraved associates as we do, we say emphatically that it is only by such drastic measures that this odious traffic can be stamped out, and we are proud to have borne our part in calling public attention to this spreading evil. The danger of drink, of which we hear so much, is as nothing compared with the blasting curse of dope.

OUR present monstrous Divorce Law has a number of bastard progeny. First, there is "collusion," regarding which

Mr. Justice Horridge had some pungent observations to make a week or two ago. The learned

Marriage And Morals

Judge, with that superior smile which those who practise in his Court wish would come off, pretended to believe that what are colloquially known as "put up jobs" in divorce proceedings were rare; whereas all lawyers and most laymen know they are as common as flowers in June. Such affectation is tiresome, stupid, mischievous.

On a slightly different footing is "connivance," another of the ugly ducklings of divorce. This particular phase of trickery made its appearance last week in the case in which Mr. G. E. H. Lantsberry, a Bradford schoolmaster, had obtained a decree nisi on account of his wife's adultery with an ex-priest of the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. F. P. Hamilton. Finding that connivance was proved—or, in other words, that Lantsberry had aided and abetted his wife in her misconduct with his friend Hamilton—Sir Henry Duke refused, as the law compels him to do, to make the divorce complete.

This may be right or wrong, according to one's point of view, but it is as well that the public should understand exactly what has happened. The decision of the Divorce Court President means that in all human probability this couple will remain legally married for the terms of their natural lives, with the skeleton of this squalid episode to keep them company. Neither will ever be able to redeem the past by a clean start in matrimony. Over this sordid mess the law casts a halo of "respectability"—save the mark!—and we are bidden to believe, actually by those who accept the highest standards of morality, that the Divorce Law does not need reform.

We make no secret of our own opinion. The whole tangled web of technicality which besets divorce should be swept away in order that husbands and wives who cannot live decently together may have a second chance to love within the law.

THE German mark, we are told, is recovering. Whereas a little while ago, 230,000 marks could be bought for a sovereign, the speculator must now be content

with a mere 90,000 for his pound sterling. But he will be a fool if he buys them at this price. The fact is, of course, that the wily German is up to his

old tricks, and in order to give a fictitious value to the mark, has been buying in his own paper to an extent just sufficient, as he thinks, to bluff the foreigner.

We cannot too emphatically warn British investors not to dabble in German currency. In the unscrupulous hands of our late enemies the printing press is an instrument of fraud. There is no gold to back the paper. In the opinion of all sound financial experts the mark will fall again, and those who have parted with good English money for German paper will rue their folly before many months are past.

POISON GAS FOR THE MILLION

by A. G. GARDINER

I READ in the paper the other morning a statement made at the Royal Sanitary Institution that a poison gas that will penetrate any mask and render men incurably insane has been discovered at Woolwich.

When the war ended, the Americans had just invented a gas which was admittedly more deadly than anything used in the war. A few months ago Edison announced the discovery of a still more horrible poison by which he said living London could be blotted out in a few hours from Paris or Paris from London. Whether the discovery reported from Woolwich gives us the lead in this hellish competition we have no means of knowing.

What we do know is that if war breaks out again it will not resemble any war that the world has known in the past. Armies and ships will be back numbers. Spurs and cockades will be obsolete. It will not be the generals or admirals who will matter. The war will be fought between the chemists in their laboratories. Its objectives will not be the destruction of armies and ships. Its objectives will be the destruction of cities and the paralysis of the civil life of nations.

The great thing that has happened is the disappearance of the battle front. Hitherto behind the battle front, whether of ships or men, the nation could function until the military issue was decided. The war ended when one side rolled up the battle front of the other side. In a word, civilian life was protected by the mobile fighting line. This civilian security has vanished. The combination of the aeroplane and poison gas has superannuated the army and the submarine has superannuated the battleship. The land war of the future will be directed against the non-combatants of the city and the sea war against the mercantile marine. I do not see any escape from this conclusion.

This is the consideration from which the argument for peace must henceforth start. War has always been a loathsome business, but it was dressed up in pretty colours and tricked out with romantic sentiment. It was popular with those who had not to take part in it, especially with those who could stay at home in security and reap the profits. That pleasant arrangement is over. Organised war has been broken down by science. The new war will be a competition in the indiscriminate murder of the unarmed and the defenceless.

A frightful prospect? Well, I am not sure. I am not sure that the men of science have not found the way out for us. The institution of war was maintained because it could be organised and because the area of risk could be limited. Those who made wars and those who cheered for wars could run no danger of being in the firing line. The murder was done, but it was done by proxy.

Now the defences are gone. The scientist has brought us all into the firing line. He has demobilised the armies, and turned the lightnings of war upon the unarmed civilian population. When this fact and all it means is realised perhaps we shall disestablish the institution of war and live sensibly. It may be that the chemist in making war devilish and unrestricted is making it impossible.

A GAME FOR 'MUG

The True Facts about the Money we owe and the Money owed

by HAROLD OWEN

WHEN the war was about half-way through, a German "U" boat commander whose name is forgotten, said an unforgettable thing. By a flash of insight rare in one of his race, which is not distinguished for its psychological acuteness, he declared: "You English will always be fools, and we shall never be gentlemen." I am as little inclined to contradict one judgment as the other, and it would, indeed, be hard to say which judgment is the better founded. But this very enlightened German really hit on the head the nail of our great national weakness when he implied that we were gentlemanly to the excess of folly.

The same point was made, in my hearing, by a British working man some weeks ago. In an underground train he was reading out to his companions the first news of our "split" with France over the Ruhr enterprise; and our gentlemanly susceptibilities for the comfort and convenience of the Germans led him to summarise the International situation in these words, for the benefit of his mates: "The 'mugs' of the universe—that's what we are!" And even the wheels of the train seemed to endorse that sentiment, by the rhythm of their revolutions: "We are—we are—we are!"

DO you doubt it? Do you really think that we have as keen an eye to the main chance as other peoples—that we are just as assertive of our rights and as tenacious of our interests? Well, a thousand instances in our modern political history show that when things get to the point that *somebody* must give way, it is always we who do "the gentlemanly thing" and volunteer for the renunciation act. But for the immediate matter in hand, take merely these facts:

(1) We pay America, because that is the right gentlemanly thing to do, even though we have come down to days of shabby gentility.

(2) We do not press Germany to pay us because it is not considered the gentlemanly thing to be hard on a defeated enemy.

(3) We do not press France or Italy to pay us, because it is not the right gentlemanly thing to dun allies and friends.

(4) Therefore, of all the combatants in the war—victors and vanquished, victims or aggressors—we alone pay our shot; and what with "associated powers" who want *their* money, and Allies who can't pay and enemies who won't, we are consolidating our gentlemanly reputation at a very heavy cost.

IN short, we impose upon ourselves a standard of conduct which no other nation emulates, but which every other nation has come to expect from us as a matter of course. When anything is to be paid, we are expected to lead the van. When anything is to be received, we are at the end of the queue.

So it comes about that we now find ourselves crystallising into two main parties: the pro-French, who fervently support France's pocket-searching enterprise in the Ruhr, and the pro-Germans, who hotly resent this very practical effort "to make Germany pay," either in cash or discomfort; and the one party that has yet to be organised in Britain is the pro-British party.

For if Britain does not supply such a party, where is it to come from? America is not exactly bursting with altruism—there is no pro-British party there to urge *our* claims to justice. France is quite unsentimentally intent on French interests. Italy has no energy to waste on non-Italian interests, and Mussolini candidly declares that Italy joined

with France in order to be on the spot to share in any swag that may be going, and "cannot afford the luxury" of being kind to Germany. And as to Germany herself, no news has yet come through of mass meetings being held there to sympathise with poor old England; with its bad debts it will never recover; its indemnities it will never collect, and its ten thousand millions of internal and external debts round its gentlemanly neck.

If there is a British point of view at all, we may be quite sure that we shall have to discover and assert it for ourselves. All around us the nations are intent solely on their own separate interests. We alone, in gentlemanly isolation, stand aside from the scramble and accept the worst of both worlds—as creditor or as debtor—as fools and as gentlemen.

IT is magnificent, but it is not peace—at any rate, it is not the sort of peace we had in our minds five years ago, when we took a more normal and less exalted and gentlemanly view of the consolations victory would provide. But the time has surely come to ask ourselves whether we need carry our gentlemanly attitude to a pitch of renunciation which commands no respect among others and stamps us as "the 'mugs' of the universe."

And so we come to facts and figures. By the time America had entered the war we had lent to our Allies nearly 1,500 millions

sterling—not a penny of which has repaid. When America came in still needed financial aid. We could no more, for we had no more to lend, raise money for our own needs with difficulty. But America would owe our Allies on our security. The

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In short, they already owe directly by we have now American debt incurred

behalf—and before some three thousand million bad, even among our Allies and to say nothing of the thousands of our National debt thrust upon enemies.

Where are we to get it from—or is it? It is obvious that there are sources of possible payment—first Germany, the sole source of all the secondly, from our Allies, who are victims with us of the great crime impoverished us all. But our Allies position to pay us until they then paid by the enemy. They are in no pay us, either, for the simple reason we are in no hurry to hustle them in their reparation payments.

FOR two years or more, indeed, we have been positively bribing our Allies down lightly by promising our gentlemanly way, to wipe off all our debts, and all Germany owes us, too, if we will write down their demands on us. And so our Allies very naturally conclude if we are so eager to cancel our account with Germany, the enemy, then we are in no hurry to exact payment from our Allies and friends, and have done injury whatever.

And at that point we come to an illuminating fact. It is that amongst us certain people who are

"THE 'Mugs' of the Universe—that's what we are!" This was the expressive comment of a British Working Man on the gentlemanly manner in which we deal with the debts of our enemies and allies to us. His words contained a certain amount of wisdom. "We pay America," says Mr. Harold Owen, "because that is the right gentlemanly thing to do." He adds that we do not press Germany, France or Italy to pay us for the same reason. The question is where does gentlemanliness end and folly begin?

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E FOR 'MUGS!'

the Money we owe and the Money owed to us.

by HAROLD OWEN

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So we come to facts and figures. By America had entered the war we had our Allies nearly 1,500 millions

sterling—not a penny of which has yet been repaid. When America came in, our Allies still needed financial aid. We could lend no more, for we had no more to lend, and could raise money for our own needs only with difficulty. But America would only lend to our Allies on our security. Therefore, we

backed their credit in the United States for nearly another thousand millions, and we have just undertaken to fund our American debt by repayments extending over the next 62 years, involving the payment during that period (taking principal and interest together) of nearly 2,000 millions.

In short, to the debts already owing to us directly by our Allies we have now added the American debt—also incurred on their behalf—and are there- fore some three thousand millions to the bad, even among our Allies and friends, to say nothing of the thousands of millions of our National debt thrust upon us by our enemies.

Where are we to get it from—or any part of it? It is obvious that there are only two sources of possible payment—first, from Germany, the sole source of all the evil; and secondly, from our Allies, who are fellow-victims with us of the great crime which has impoverished us all. But our Allies are in no position to pay us until they themselves are paid by the enemy. They are in no hurry to pay us, either, for the simple reason that they see we are in no hurry to hustle the Germans in their reparation payments.

FOR two years or more, indeed, we have been positively bribing our Allies to let Germany down lightly by promising them, in our gentlemanly way, to wipe off all they owe us, and all Germany owes us, too, if only they will write down their demands on Germany. And so our Allies very naturally conclude that if we are so eager to cancel our account with Germany, the enemy, then we ought to be in no hurry to exact payment from them, who are Allies and friends, and have done us no injury whatever.

And at that point we come across an illuminating fact. It is that there are amongst us certain people who are most eager

—even vindic- tively eager—to make France pay up what she owes us. Never since 1914 have their voices been raised to demand any sort of payment from Germany, but they are now gleefully

demonstrating what a strangle-hold we have on France, and how easy it will be for us to force France to take her hands off Germany's throat by threatening to close our fingers on France's throat.

"If France threatens the jugular vein of Germany," they say, "then let us threaten to sever the carotid artery of France!"—for to such counsels of thuggery has our excessive gentlemanliness at length brought us. Meanwhile, the gentlemanly part of us has no answer to the French plea: "We will pay you when Germany has paid us."

AND so we come to Germany, the only other source of payment and reparation. How does the account stand with her? In January, 1921, the Allied Conference in Paris (Britain, of course, assenting) fixed the reparations Germany must pay at £11,600,000,000. By May of the same year that sum was almost halved, and fixed at £6,600,000,000. Since then it has been whittled down to £2,500,000,000 (a sum only slightly in excess of what we ourselves have to pay America during the next 62 years), and it is because Germany will not seriously begin the repayment of even that sum that the French are in the Ruhr, whilst we are standing aside in a sort of sulky impotence, and have, in our gentlemanly way, practically abdicated our position as creditor of Germany.

That is the real objection to our dissociation from France. We are dissociating ourselves also from the right to share in the spoils; we are practically withdrawing from any effective share in the control of the gigantic business of settling accounts with the enemy in the Great War.

WE should have stood by the side of France, Italy, and Belgium, not only as a matter of friendship and justice, but as a matter of prudence and self-interest. As it is, we have come very near to surrendering the whole position to the Allies by separating ourselves from them; and when we revive our claims against either them or Germany we shall lay ourselves open to the damaging retort that our gentlemanly reluctance to sharing the trouble and "odium" of collecting the debt must be applied also to sharing any of the debt collected.



HAROLD OWEN.

THE CRIME WAVE

by Professor A. M. LOW, A.C.G.I., D.Sc.

SCARCELY a day passes but the news of some mysterious murder is broadcasted throughout the land; crime is rampant and our prisons are full; the divorce courts cannot handle the long strings of applicants though the average case takes barely ten minutes to complete; debauchery and licentiousness hold sway in the West End of London and every town in the country has its black spot.

With all our education, our organisation, our schools and our churches, we do not seem to have advanced so very much after all. That is, not until the facts are scientifically examined.

Let me say right out that I do not believe that the British people or the human race as a whole are degenerating.

In the only direction that matters we are advancing with rapid strides. With each day that passes we become a more intellectual race. We may lose our animal-like senses of "homing," of smell, and our eyes may get worse, but we no longer require physical perfection.

We still can have our thoughts spoilt by material tendencies, however, for so far the finest thinker in the world is little better than a dog and his best ideas may be destroyed, if he is hungry, by the appetising odour of a steak pie.

Two thousand years ago men fought to the death; now the law says, "Hit him with a padded glove." It is mental skill we should test.

One hundred years ago people crowded to see executions, now we are oppressed and disgusted even by the news of them.

The increase in the number of divorces proves in itself that we are improving intellectually. In days gone by couples who disagreed simply left or killed each other.]

Nowadays, educated people feel disgusted at the thought of living with each other without mutual love (i.e., mental feeling), therefore they decide that in their own interests and in the interests of the community they must part.

Matrimony without love is mere licence to cohabit and we have improved beyond that stage. Still the interests of the community demand that certain procedure shall be observed to prevent promiscuous marriages which would tend to real degeneracy—hence the crowded divorce courts.

The spread of the drug evil is the result of the minds of certain persons being strangely developed out of control. But instead of seeking the crude and slow-acting effects of indulgence in beer these persons take cocaine or morphine. The effect on the mind is more rapid and complete.

Crime is no more rampant than of yore. It merely shocks us more because our improved mentality realises and appreciates its wickedness, its menace to our progress.

Are a few people of low mentality, a few throw-backs from the uncivilised ages, victims of their animal instincts, sufficient to label the race as degenerate? Is a whole orchard to be condemned because the fruit on one tree is rotten?

That can never be. The human race was never more flourishing, never more rapidly making its way along the path of progress than it is to-day.

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My £6,000 Swindle

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Ex-convict and Master Horse-Faker



THERE are certain clever authorities who say that the criminally-minded are not sensitive. Personally, I would not confess that I am criminally-minded, even though the sensitiveness which was suspected in me had, as a matter of fact, no existence.

"Pat," said one of my confederates when we had completed the arrangements for our Stockton job, "don't you feel scared when you get on to a racecourse, knowing that you've 'rung in' a horse, and that at any moment somebody might recognise the animal for what it is?"

My prophetic reply was:—
"If I ever go to Dartmoor, I certainly shall not feel embarrassed because I'm amongst thieves."

As a matter of fact, though all race-goers cannot be classed as thieves, there are few bookmakers who would worry greatly if they learned that a horse was not trying. My exploits were hardly any less honest.

AND now I come to the Coat of Mail ramp. Coat of Mail was a two-year-old colt in my stable, who had been bought for £40 from a well-known Newmarket trainer. In my handling of Coat of Mail I was a public benefactor, and there are certain fashionable trainers who might profitably follow my example. He was useless for racing, and I did not run him. If all the useless horses that are now being entered for expensive races were similarly treated, the public would lose less money.

We entered Coat of Mail in a race at Stockton. It was my intention from the very start to substitute an older horse for that race, and so to doctor and paint him that his own mother wouldn't have known him. We had a long discussion as to the horse we should choose for the purpose, and it was I who decided upon Jazz, and in these matters my word was law. I chose Jazz because he had an excellent record. He had been beaten a short head by Little Cell, at Gatwick, with Ramboda behind him; whilst at Stockton he had been beaten three-quarters of a length by Woodhall, with the fast Monut Lebanon beaten out of a place.

FROM the point of view of his then owner, Sir Hedworth Meux, he wasn't much good for racing. From our point of view, he was an ideal horse. Negotiations were begun, but I refused to accede to the suggestion that Jazz should come straight away to us.

"I want that horse only a few days, and, only a few hours before the Stockton race," I said.

"Are you racing him at Stockton?"

This is the first time the true story of the "Coat of Mail" swindle, which figured so prominently in Barrie's trial, has ever been told. Thousands heard of the exploit, but few knew the details.

asked somebody in horror. "Why, he was beaten there when well backed, and they are certain to recognise him!"

I laughed. I always had to laugh at their shivers and shrieks.

"That's the place to run him," I said, "where all the clever ones are, and there are two or three Stewards of the Jockey Club looking on."

THAT is my theory. And it is a sound theory, because, if you take a horse to a little wayside meeting, you're apt to be careless, thinking that it really doesn't matter; there'll be nobody there who will detect you. Whilst, if you race at Newmarket, and work a ramp under the eyes of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, you'll not only be careful, but you have the added security that there are so many authorities in the Birdcage that, if one says, "That isn't the horse it is represented to be," there will be a hundred other clever ones who will swear that it is.

Two days before the race, Jazz was brought up from Stockbridge and handed over to me at Waterloo Station. He was in excellent condition, as, of course, all horses are that are trained by Persse, who, in addition to being a great trainer, is a great horse-master.

I took the colt from a boy and had a man walk him across London to the station for Stockton, where I put him in a loose box for an hour.

I have a good look at a horse before I start doctoring him; and the sight of Jazz filled me with every confidence. He lay down and rolled, drank a bucket of water and had a feed of oats—just as a horse in good health should do.

I had him boxed myself and accompanied him on the journey to Stockton. He went into the horse-box Jazz, a brown colt by Mushroom, out of Fizzer. He came out Coat of Mail, a bay colt by Roquelaure-Queen of the Dell.

I did all the faking in the box on the journey, and Jazz submitted to his disguising without giving any trouble. Once he turned his head round and had a look at himself, and I thought I detected the look of surprise in his eyes! Perhaps that was imagination.

At any rate, he must have thought it was all for the best, because he gave no trouble, and when I unboxed him at midnight and took him off to the racecourse stable, he was as lively as a cricket, fed up well, and slept like a top.

I saw Gilbert Marsh in the early morning, and told him there was no question as to what the result of the race would be.

"What about the betting?" I

asked. "And how many people are in the secret?"

Of course he protested, like he always protested, that only two or three knew, and that he himself would get all the money on at a remunerative price. The truth was that Gilbert Marsh was so broke, and owed so much money to bookmakers, that he had no credit at all; and, so far from there only being a few people in the swindle, there were 75!

That may sound astonishing, but it is a fact.

I will leave to another chapter the story of Norman Weisz, the unfortunate mug whom we had roped in to help us in our adventures. It is sufficient to say that Weisz was a very rich man—a pearl merchant of Hatton Garden—a mug gambler (he had £200 on a race without taking the trouble to inquire whether he was backing a horse or a cow); and it was through him that Marsh intended doing most of the betting.

It was a case there of "Heads I win, tails you lose," because if Coat of Mail had been beaten, Weisz would not have got a cent of money from any of us. And, being a mug punter, it followed naturally that his methods were alarmingly crude. I was soon to learn that the big price I expected was a dream.

"Who have we got to ride him?" I asked Marsh.

"William Griggs," he replied. "I have arranged that."

AT the subsequent trial, Griggs stated that I had made all the arrangements, and here I think his memory was at fault. Indeed, most



of the witnesses at that trial seemed to forget the existence of Gilbert Marsh or any part he played.

Just before the race, I went and had a look at Jazz alias Coat of Mail. He was such a good, honest horse—and the issue was so far beyond doubt—that I did not trouble to give him any "hurry up stuff." There is a saying "Never flog a willing horse." I will add to that a new one. "Never dope a horse that can 'do it' without."

I am not a betting man, but on this occasion I took £100 to £20 on my own, and was very glad I did, because soon after the numbers went up, telegrams began pouring on to the course from all the starting price offices, backing Coat of Mail. The 75 honest gentlemen who were in Gilbert Marsh's secret were laying down the money with a vengeance, and if the race had been delayed a few minutes' longer, there is no doubt that Coat of Mail would have started odds on.

I saw Marsh, and had a long talk with him.

"You're a great organiser," I said sardonically, as the price began tumbling down.

I told Griggs to stay with his horses until they were well in the line for home, and then to come away and win by a length or two; but as soon as the gate went up, "Coat of Mail" leapt forward like a shot from a gun, and a yell came from the ring: "It's not a horse; it's a blinking aeroplane!" He won the race from start to finish, ending up three lengths ahead of the second.

OF course, there was a crowd round the unsaddling enclosure to have a look at this wonder horse. A certain writer in a well-known sporting newspaper wrote a paragraph to the effect that this was one of the best two-year-olds seen out in the North since the beginning of the season, and held out rosy prospects for his future!

Griggs, when he got down, said: "This is the best two-year-old I have ever ridden. What is he worth?"

"Thousands," I said solemnly, and I hoped I was speaking the truth. But he only started at 5 to 2, though he opened in the market at 20 to 1. If few people had been in the secret, and the commission had been worked intelligently, we should have packed up £40,000. As it was, we cleared about £5,000 or £6,000.

It was not much of a secret; for, in addition to the 75, there must have been 75,000 hangers-on who knew all about the horse, and, after the event, whenever I walked down Coventry Street, I was certain to meet half-a-dozen people who would pull me up, and, fingering my jacket, would say:

"That's a nice coat of mail you've got on, Barrie. But you've had it dyed?"

MY share of the swag was £500, and I think that I was about the only member of the gang who earned it. We had made enough, however, to show what could be done, and then and there we began to plan for ringing in Shining More at a race at Cheltenham; and the story of Shining More is the most remarkable and, to me amusing, story of Turf fraud that has ever been told.

Next week I will let you into more of my secrets.

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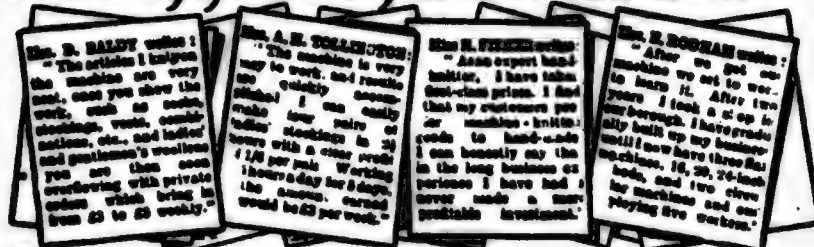
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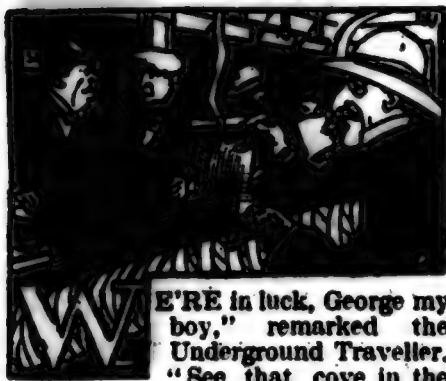
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UNDERGROUND HISTORY.

Lord Carnarvon and King Tut

by HARRISON OWEN



"W"ERE in luck, George my boy," remarked the Underground Traveller. "See that cove in the corner"—he jerked his pipe toward a middle-aged man wearing a sun helmet, overcoat and goloshes—"Well, that there's Lord Carnarvon..."

"What's that you say? The bloke 'oo won the Stewards' Cup with Mauvezin?"

"I can see, George, you don't take an intelligent interest in arkology. I believe 'is lordship uster be a bit of a racin' man, but now 'e's the famous arkologist—the man 'oo found the tomb of King Tooting Common, 'oo is deader than wot is Queen Anne. We're lucky to be in the same train as 'im. I s'pose 'e's just popped over from Egypt for a day or two to buy some more spades and pick-axes, and maybe to get 'old of a dark lantern an' a couple of jemmes."

"Wot's that you say—a burglar?"

"Don't show your ignorance, George. I tell you 'e's a famous arkologist. Wait till the next station and we'll 'op into the seat opposite 'im."

"GOOD-day, m'lord; 'ow go things over at Luxor. I've just been readin' as 'ow you've found enough jools an' prechus stones in old Tooting Common's tomb to fill a couple o' tip-trays. You must find that diggin' in the desert pays better'n racin' on the turf."

"Wot is it you say? You're not doing it to make money? That's just wot I was tellin' George 'ere, but 'e wont believe it. 'E's always jumpin' to conclusions is George. 'E says that wot with the news rights and the photo rights and the flum rights, you must be makin' a tidy sum out of old Tooting Common. I don't mean no offence, m'lord, I assure you; I'm just tellin' you wot George says... Now, George, wot's the good of contradictin'? You just keep quiet. Every time you open your mouth you put your foot in it."

VERY graciously Lord Carnarvon undertook to explain his motives in opening Tutankhamen's tomb, drawing a graphic picture of its wonders, emphasising the extent to which an examination of the resting-places of Egypt's Royal dead would enrich the wholly inadequate knowledge of Egyptology and archaeology at present possessed by mankind and

illustrating his discourse with a few carefully-assorted facts about Rameses, Amenhotep, Mentuhotep, Thotmes, and Shashank.

"I must say as 'ow they be very impressive words you speak, m'lord," admitted the Underground Traveller; "you've made George feel quite uncomfortable. Far be it from me to argufy with a belted heart, but I asks you, m'lord, 'ow would you like these 'ere Eypsies or some other niggers to come over and start rummaging in your family vault for the sake of wot they could make out of it? Don't you think these mummies might be left in peace after all these years?"

"Not that I know anything about arkology. The only mummy I've ever 'eard tell of is 'That Coal-Black Mummy o' Mine' that George sings about when 'e's 'ad a few. All the same, it do seem to me that this 'ere messing about with the bones of the dead is enough to make Rider 'Aggard, so to speak... Wot's that you say?"

"Well, I'm sorry if I've put your lordship in an 'uff, but I feel kind of interested in old King Tooting Common. You see, 'e was named after the place where George was born."

"The Greatest of These—"

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OUT of the depths of the seething underworld of poverty, where destitution, disease and death stalk their way, taking hourly toll of the lives of young and old, pitiful cries for help, heartbreaking in their despairing intensity, reach us unceasingly.

Many as are the organisations which exist to relieve distress, their combined efforts but touch the fringe of this mass of helpless humanity. The administration of the Poor Law, as we have repeatedly pointed out, leaves much to be desired. Our vaunted civilisation has so far failed to devise means of eliminating much of the suffering of innocent victims of circumstance.

Since the establishment of "The Greatest of These" Fund, we have made it our constant endeavour to afford assistance in cases which are either untouched or at the best very inadequately dealt with by other sources of relief.

We do not ask starving men to say "Shibboleth." We do not enquire into their religious convictions. As one would not ask a drowning man to declare his political views before condescending to throw him a life-line, so we have no catechism

for those who satisfy us that they are in dire distress.

The number of appeals for assistance which we receive is far beyond our capacity to help. The task of selecting out of hundreds of deserving cases those which are the most deserving is a painful one. With a heavy heart, we are compelled to refuse relief to many supplicants whom we should like to help if the state of the Fund permitted us. We can only fix a broad standard—that of the greatest need.

It is a saddening reflection that many of the most desperate cases are those of men who served their country faithfully in the hour of her greatest need, only to find themselves and their families forgotten and neglected when the danger is past. Small wonder that some of them in the bitterness of their distress declare that they would rather have died on the field of battle than have lived to see their loved ones suffer so!

Take the case of a man who served four years and three months with the Machine Gun Corps and reached the rank of sergeant. He has been out of employment for fourteen months, and is absolutely "down and out." He has a wife and four children, all of them girls. Struggling to save his children from the stigma of pauperdom, he has sold almost the whole of his home. Even the bedclothes have been pawned to buy food for the hungry little ones.

At last, this splendid fellow whose entry into the ranks was greeted with acclamation, and who so recently proudly wore a sergeant's stripes, was forced to go to the Relieving Officer. Cold and hunger, however, have had their effect on the little ones. The eldest girl's health especially has suffered, and the parish doctor has had to be called in. The mother is in a very delicate condition, and all the children are weakly and require special nourishment. Even with such relief as is given by the Guardians, they are underfed and miserably ill-clad.

ANOTHER case is that of an ex-Serviceman who has a wife and five children under seven years of age. He was discharged from the Army in December, 1920, and although he has an excellent character, and is an efficient stableman and carman, he has had only eight weeks' work since then. He and his family are living in a single room. Seven people in one room!

It is not surprising that his wife's health should have been undermined by such conditions of existence, or that the children should be ailing. The doctor says that she needs plenty of fresh air, but how is she to escape from the confinement of her single room while she has no clothes for the babies and no perambulator in which to take them out?

SEND us money, send us clothes, send us anything that will enable us to give these unfortunate souls a chance in life.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Sports and by ROWLEY

TWELVE POINTER — HONEST HORSES AND HONEST STABLES — TODD'S CHALLENGER

OF the horses to which I referred last week as being likely and profitable animals to follow, I should be inclined to rate Twelve Pointer the first. It is unnecessary for me to give lengthy details as to his performances last year. We know that he held Pharo for speed and beat him for stamina, and a horse that can do that is something out of the ordinary.

This does not mean that he will necessarily prove the most profitable to follow. If he has wintered well it is going to be a difficult job to place him where he will win at a nice price; indeed, the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby are the two races where we may expect him to start at reasonable odds. And I expect to see him win both races if fit and well.

Honest Horses and Honest Stables.

When you start making a list of horses to follow you are confronted with certain difficulties, especially in regard to the older horses, because so many considerations come into play. An honest horse in an honest stable is going to be run out for his races, with the result that the handicapper is going to weight him up to the top of his form. The good horse in the tricky stable is the most desirable, but unfortunately I cannot speak the truth about these.

Therefore I will compromise and choose my good horses from the honest and very well-managed stables, and the first of these that occurs to me is that presided over by Basil Jarvis. Papyrus is certain to

win races sooner or later, and I include him in my list in spite of the fact that we shall find him constantly in opposition to Twelve Pointer and Co.

Watch Simon Pure.

Last week I did what rapid writers often do. I thought of one horse and wrote another. The horse I thought of was Simon Pure, the horse I wrote was St. Louis. Simon Pure was coming back to his Derby form last back-end, and it was no disgrace to be beaten by Selene, who, in her November form, could have pulled a bus and beaten Ormonde. Now this is certain, that Simon Pure is going to win a big handicap. We may have to wait until well on in the year—on the other hand, Simon may click first time. He is a horse to follow, because, when he does click, it will be at a very nice price.

Those are three of my dozen—and if the whole of my dozen do not win I shall be a very surprised man.

I am still sticking to Monarch for the Lincolnshire and Turkey Buzzard for the "great big jump." My alternatives remain Psychology and Sergeant Murphy.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Zeus.—In the opinion of his trainer, the best two-mile chaser in the country. As Couthwaite is no mean judge, the horse should pay to follow.

Lady Skipper.—This mare's trainer knows exactly what is required to make a jumper, and as he is persevering with

his charge, she will probably win a hurdle race before the season ends.

Winnall.—Although he made a mistake which lost him a length or two, this horse was not beaten far by Double Up and King Solitude at Hurst Park, and in less exalted company he is certain to win races.

Brandyball.—The confidence with which this filly was backed to beat Yewden at Hurst Park suggests that she had done something smart at home, and she may be worth bearing in mind next time out.

Madrigal.—Considered by those who should know most about him to possess an outside chance for the "Liverpool," this horse may shortly win a long-distance steeplechase. He both jumps and stays well.

Tigress.—Although he has not so far distinguished himself over the jumps, this gelding is a promising hurdler. It should not be difficult to place him to win a minor event.

Trentino.—This old stager ran the race of his career at Hurst Park, for three miles and a half is beyond his compass. Over an easier course he must be followed.

Ballyheen.—An Irish importation who will be "popping up" one of these fine days. His owner has the steeplechasing form at his fingers' ends, and is not likely to make much mistake when business is meant.

Lotus.—Although it will have to be in moderate company, this colt will probably win a hurdle race. He was going well when he fell at Hurst Park.

SELECTIONS.

(The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.)

LINSFIELD (WEDNESDAY).

- 1.50 Gem (Milligan, Hill of Camas).
- 2.20 Warwick* (Polytart, Petty Cury).
- 2.50 Glouce (Bogart's End, Regent's Park).
- 3.20 Tropical Charlie (Swynmyth, Golden Gate).
- 3.50 Flight's Fancy (Devonport, Ragman).
- 4.20 Another Attraction (Sun Charmer, Buckle).

LINSFIELD (THURSDAY).

- 1.50 Robert Wisdom (Playful, Colymbus).
- 2.20 Habbam (Southampton, Forewarned).
- 2.50 Douranger* (Brotherhood, Dark Vixen).
- 3.20 Trentino (Libretto, Outlaw).
- 3.50 Wise Folly (Dudley, Ravenspool).
- 4.20 Double Up (Sir Huon, Silver Ring).

GATWICK (FRIDAY).

- 2.0 Warwick (Polytart, Petty Cury).
- 2.30 Brindale (Memento, The Saint IV.).
- 3.0 Urban Division* (High Force, Tomahawk).
- 3.30 Sergeant Murphy (Libretto, Daydawn).
- 4.0 Herne the Hunter (Silvanus, Alfaby).
- 4.35 Another Attraction (Austin Friars, Perfect Knight).

GATWICK (SATURDAY).

- 2.0 Peer Willy (Ashwood, Ormakirk).
- 2.30 Robert Wisdom (Athalhampton, Simon's Craft).
- 3.0 King Solitude (Cavalier, Devonport).
- 3.30 Greenpoint (King David, North Walsham).
- 4.0 Ballyheen (Regent's Park, Lovely Rial).
- 4.25 Waterbottle (Chicago, Pollison).

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

The reason Cyclax, who was tried a high-class "timber-topper," has not been seen over hurdles this season is that he developed "a leg."

In Star Chamber Jack Jarvis trains a much improved colt. The son of Sunstar and Curia looks like being wanted for an early engagement.

Woodman, who will be more easily identified as the Isabel May colt, has wintered well, and should win races over short courses.

Admirers of Punt Gun for the Grand National will be well advised to wait until the day of the race. He is of no account except on firm going.

Harry Escott has set his heart on son "Tony" winning the Grand National. Unless, therefore, Duettiste justifies expectations to the full the Lewes jockey will be seen on the best of Whitaker's.

Drake's Drum could win the Lincoln with a "flier," but is likely to go the other way when the tapes are released.

With some plough to cross first, the mad rush to the first National fence should disappear this year.

Why wait for the Lincoln, when you can win £1,500 in "Bullets" this week?

BOXING POINTS

McTigue and Todd.

Roland Todd, the new middleweight champion, has expressed his intention of making a trip to America in the hope of meeting Johnny Wilson for the world's title. There is work for Todd, however, nearer home, for Mike McTigue, the Irish American, who meets Battling Siki next month, is eager to come to grips with the Doncaster man. Todd should welcome this challenge, as a victory over McTigue would strengthen his claim to a match with Wilson.

Criqui to Meet Kilbane.

The obstacles to a meeting between Johnny Kilbane and Eugene Criqui have at last been cleared, and the pair are to meet in New York on May 30th next. The European feather-weight champion has angled for a match with the American ever since he defeated Joe Fox at the N.S.C. The Frenchman should give Kilbane a stiff match.

The Beckett-Smith Match.

The twice postponed match between Joe Beckett and Dick Smith has now been definitely fixed for May 14th. In this respect the champion disposes of his match with Carpenter, which was arranged for May 17th by Major Wilson. The latter intends to hold Beckett to his agreement, and with this I concur. The modern boxing promoter gets "more kicks than ha'pence," and a boxer should be made to realize that a contract once entered into is binding.

Freddie Welsh's Return.

Freddie Welsh, the veteran light-weight, is home from America. His boxing days are over, but the famous Welshman will long be remembered as a boxer of exceptional ability and cleverness. I often recall his two bouts at the N.S.C. with that other great light-weight, Matt Wells.

Kid Lewis Still Welter Champion.

Despite the loss of his middle-weight crown, Kid Lewis is still welter-weight champion of Europe, and at that weight will want a lot of beating. He will probably be chosen by the N.S.C. to meet Todd once again for the Lonsdale Middleweight Belt.

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He furthermore wishes to point out that not only is this Sweep sanctioned by the Irish Government, but it is the **ONLY** Sweep for which the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin holds the Prize Money and will personally supervise the draw at the Mansion House.

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MILE



SUGGESTION TO THE F.A. — LEAGUE RECONSTRUCTION — INTERNAL TROUBLE

I RECENTLY paid a second visit to the new home of the Cup Final at Wembley, and I must say it is indeed an imposing enclosure. Unfamiliar grounds are not, however, conducive to good football. What all of us want to see in the final this season is a game up to the best professional standard, whatever the teams are, not a dog-fight with which Preston North End and Huddersfield presented us a year ago. Towards this end, I seriously suggest to the Football Association that, when the finalists are known, the clubs concerned should be given the opportunity of some ball practice at Wembley, with, of course, the object of the players becoming acquainted with the ground and the surroundings—a more important factor than the average spectator might think. I am certain such an invitation would be gladly accepted.

Scots in Erin.

The Scots are not hot favourites for their international with Ireland this weekend. Considering the resources of each country, it should be odds-on Scotland, but they have few star players nowadays, and I should not be surprised to see Erin's scratch lot win. No fewer than ten of the Irish eleven are engaged in British football, and among them are McCracken, now a manager, and Cardiff City's reserve goalkeeper and reserve centre-forward! This shows the limit of Ireland's present resources, but their left-wing, the ever-green Gillespie, of Sheffield United, and Moore, of Falkirk, are a pair that promise to give the Scottish defence a busy afternoon.

English Mediocrity.

At the beginning of next week, England meet Wales, but as I write, the English team has not been decided on. The Leeds trial, of course, had to be abandoned, but the composition of the

and in the selection of any it is a mere matter of luck whether he is a success or not. What England wants—and wants badly—is a real centre-forward and a constructive centre-half, and apparently there is neither. I suppose Wilson, of the Wednesday, will again have the latter job, but he's a long way behind his predecessors. Some time in the future I hope to see the South Shields lad, Hardy, taken a look at. He has got the real idea, has this lad, and might develop into what we are looking for.

Bore Trouble.

Internal trouble will stop a football team as quickly as a wet cabbage a race-horse. There is said to be some of this in the Middlesbrough camp, and recent results rather suggest there is truth in the rumour. Perhaps this is the reason why the club is persistently on the track of players over the border. In any case, it has led to a chance for Peter Donaghy, as promising a centre-forward as the present season has revealed. With Andy Wilson and Elliott on the 'Boro books, Donaghy had little hopes of getting a show in the first team, but the opportunity recently arrived, and I hear the 'Boro directors are very pleased with him.

League Poverty.

I hear that it is no certainty there will be a Northern and Southern division of the Football League next season. There is no actual poverty among the Southern clubs, who are not faced with the same counter-attractions and the effects of the industrial crisis as are the Northern lot. Several of the latter, however, are having a hand-to-mouth existence, while two at least are only able to carry on at all because the players have accepted a reduction of wages. The history of the game reveals the indisputable fact that, when one club has been forced to drop out, two have been ready to fill the vacancy; but the expenses of a first-class team are now so heavy that they can only be borne by towns with a large population. It may not be necessary already to reconstruct the Football League, but, obviously, the time is coming.

Still Scoring.

I am taken back a few years when I still read of Harold Fleming still scoring goals for Swindon. I had the pleasure of giving Fleming one of his first write-ups when, as a mere lad, he astonished the South of England with his amazing ability in dribbling. When Fleming went into the English team against Scotland at the last minute in 1909, the Scots wondered what new type of forward they had struck, and at the time Fleming was the only exponent of the art of football as they knew it 20 years before. He never, however, completely lost an adventurous tendency, and I doubt if there are more than one or two forwards who can, like he, beat a succession of opponents by sheer control of the ball. Fleming had his first real game with Swindon, and there he has remained—an example of loyalty with which we are not too familiar.

Deposed.

There are likely to be some startling changes in the personnel at Highbury at the end of the season, if not before, and one cannot wonder at it. The Arsenal have had an experience this season which must be unique. They commenced with what appeared to be their best team—on paper, at any rate—but at the moment only three of last season's regulars are now certain of their places—Dr. Paterson,

Reg. Boreham and Baker. Even Alec Graham, the best centre-half in the South of England, pops in and out of the side. The directorate, quite rightly, are not inclined to interfere with a team that is proving more successful than the old one; while the deposed players—most of them highly capable footballers—on their part, have ambitions beyond the obscurity of the London Combination. Apparently, some of them want a move, and as the directors are not exactly opposed to a few transfers, here is the opportunity for other clubs to make inquiries, providing, of course, they can pay the transfer fees. Needless to add, the view of the directors and the players of the open transfer do not exactly harmonise.

Rugby Puzzle.

The selection committee of the Rugby Union are not faring with pleasure the choice of the team to meet Scotland in what promises to be the most momentous game of the century between these two countries. So far, the English side has done much that was required of it, but the selectors are torn between the adoption of the old policy of letting well alone and making at least one change in the three-quarter line, but there is a tendency to flashness in one player and an overdose of safety-first in another. The names of several have been put forward as substitutes, but, in my opinion, this variety will only lead the committee to ignore the suggestions *en bloc*.

A WONDER BACK.

SAM WADSWORTH of Huddersfield and England, boasts the distinction of being able to reach the top class of backs despite a comparatively small physique, which pulls the beam at no more than ten stone. Further, in only two seasons of League football he has played against Scotland and assisted to win the English Cup, a rare double for a very young man.

His first football adventure was to move from his native Darwen to Blackburn for a trial with the Rovers as a forward. Apparently the Blackburn people were not impressed, since Wadsworth wandered on to Nelson, and there found the position nature had intended him for.

When there is any loose talent about, Herbert Chapman, Huddersfield's manager, does not lie in bed in the mornings. He went to see Wadsworth play in a minor match, and a cheque for £1,500 and Wadsworth changed places.

A back of 5 feet 2½ inches has got to have an artistic foundation. Instead of mere physique, Wadsworth brought into football infallible powers of anticipation, a controlled length, a keen eye for the proper direction for the ball, and a turn of speed which quickly carries him to the scene of trouble. In fact, he is the most skilful full-back of Lancashire production since the great and equally diminutive Herbert Burgess, and Burnley are sorry they did not realise it.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 3.

(Nap selections in Black Type.)

Home Winners.

Middlesbrough, Preston, Newcastle, Liverpool, Doncaster, Spurs, Sheffield U., Eury, Clapton, Leeds, Port Vale, S. Shields, W. Ham, Brighton, Bristol C., Gillingham, Luton, Hillwall, Norwich, Portsmouth, Queen's P.R., Swansea, Swindon, Bradford, Crewe, Halifax, Walsall, Wigan, Accrington, Celtic, Falkirk, Rangers, St. Mirren.

Away Winners.

Cardiff, W. Bromwich, Blackpool, Notts C., Leicester, Watford, Accrington, Hartlepool, Bolton, Motherwell.

Draws.

Villa v. Huddersfield, Oldham v. Everton, Manchester U. v. Southampton, Stockport v. Palace, Grimsby v. Southport, Tranmere v. Darlington, Ayr v. Dundee, Hibernians v. Aberdeen, Third Lanark v. Raith R.

Suggested Coups.

8 Draws: Villa v. Huddersfield, Stockport v. Palace, Oldham v. Everton.

3 Away: Blackpool, Notts C., Watford.

8 Home: Preston, Liverpool, Leeds, Bristol C., Swansea, Bradford, Crewe, Rangers.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw: Liverpool, Watford, Ayr v. Dundee.

8 Home, 3 Away: Bristol C., Swansea, Rangers, Blackpool, Watford.

In our issue of Feb. 17, our football expert again gave a coup of three draws, the odds against which are 33 to 1 on most lists.

national side for that match was so ludicrous that the selectors could have learned nothing. What these gentlemen are faced with is too much talent about a stone removed from the top class. There is hardly a position for which we have not two or three men as good as one another.

WORDS—See Page 27.



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1, Montague Street, London, W.C.1.

The Unmarried Mother.

I agree with "Equity," who points out that it is unfair that the mother of a child born out of wedlock should alone bear the burden. In my opinion the father ought to pay all the cost of maintenance until the child can earn its own living; and I further consider that his name should be linked with that of the mother, and the child bear the hyphenated name of both parents thus "John Gregory-Smith." This would be a deterrent and, at any rate, a measure of justice. The love-child is generally of a superior disposition, healthy and vigorous, and, from its stamina, a national asset improving the stock of sturdy and robust citizens.—C. M. E., Blackfriars.

Pensioned Parasites.

I work with a man who receives a war pension despite the fact that he is as fit as he was in pre-war days. He is engaged to a war widow, who also receives a pension. They are postponing marriage because the lady would then lose her pension. Would it not be more humane to increase the pensions of the maimed and really deserving at the expense of such able-bodied men who draw money under false pretences?—"Cricket," Hackney Road, London.

Bullies in Hospitals.

Few people realise the amount of bullying which goes on in many of our infirmaries and some hospitals. Under the pretence of training, girls who enter the nursing profession are often treated by matrons and other officials in a perfectly brutal manner. These girls start with high ideals and a real desire to do good, but this is often crushed and killed. It is no uncommon thing for a probationer to cry herself to sleep, utterly unhappy, night after night. Her work is hard, and the added unkindness breaks her spirit. Some supervision of the methods of these institutions should be made compulsory.—"Probationer," London, N.

The Right to Maintenance.

In the "Gentleman with a Duster's" article entitled "Leather-Lunged Lunacy," I do not think the whole truth regarding the right to maintenance is given. It being right for a man to preserve his life, surely he has a right to live, qualified by the fact that every privilege implies conditional duties. Therefore where a man, however willing, is prevented by our present-day system from fulfilling his duties, he has still the right to live, the fault not being his own. State organisation of labour would be as superior to present methods as a State army to every man fighting the enemy on his own account with his own special pop-gun. The only ones who forfeit this right are those who are unwilling to work in the communal interest, and they are, no doubt, a much smaller item than many of the misnamed Socialists would have us believe.—F. E. Rubbra, 307, Lordship Lane, S.E.

"The Berthas of the Nations."

In his article entitled "The Berthas of the Nations" Mr. Harold Owen attributes the present warlike state of Europe to "the ardent idealists and amazing enthusiasts for the League of Nations." He would have us believe that they have obstructed the cause of peace by believing in it. Ignoring the peaceful settlement of such war-provoking problems as the Aaland Islands, Upper Silesia and Albania, Mr. Owen says: "The League of Nations has done nothing to redeem the world." It has certainly done nothing to redeem the world in the sense that France is trying to redeem the Ruhr.—J. F. Price Lloyd, 22, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

The Rudeness of Doctors.

I heard of a case recently that seems to show that some of the doctors on Pensions Medical Boards deliberately provoke men to angry or uncivil retort by insulting and rude questions or remarks. The papers are then endorsed "Insulted Medical Board," which is apparently regarded as disentiing the man to further pension. There can be no question that pensions doctors have no right to demand a higher standard of courtesy than that set by themselves.—P. G., Twickenham.

Feathered Prisoners.

Caging skylarks should be made illegal. No true bird-lover could suffer the frantic paeings and flutterings of this "wooer of the skies" in his eight-inch cube of wood and wire. Were he born to be caged, I first would admit the excuse for such unspeakable confinement. If he had more room he would smash his wonderful pinions on the bars or, with blood-clotted crest, dash out his brains above.—Walter S. Cropper, New Lane, Middleton, Leeds.

Taxing Auction Sales.

I have never been able to understand if the very poorest of the poor willingly pay their coppers to attend jumble sales, why others with better means should not be charged to attend an ordinary auction sale. People who really want things would not let this deter them; others who only take up the room of the actual buyers would a thousand times be better outside. A sixpenny tax ticket would be all that would be required, and the Government would get hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly.—Alfred Lovibond, 44, Seaton Road, Yeovil.

To Reduce Unemployment.

Could not some means be devised whereby a firm paying, say, £10 weekly as its contribution towards Unemployment and N.H.I. schemes, be granted exemption, provided three extra employees were engaged? Employers would greatly benefit, and the Ministry of Labour would have less to pay in "doles." Countless thousands of persons could be absorbed into industry in this way, and the Ministry's administration costs reduced.—F. J. Lemay, 79, Milton Road, Old Ford.

Tell the People!

Are you interested in happiness? If you are you must want to remove things that cause misery. We want to! Let us have your ideas. We don't want political epistles. Human letters about human subjects will go on this page.

"Sportsmen."

Is it in keeping with professed Christianity to take pleasure in seeing animals hunted to death and torn to pieces for people's pleasure?—A. John, Dublin.

Brothers—but not in Name.

If "Sufferer," who wrote to JOHN BULL showing how her illegitimate child could not bear the same name as its legitimate brother, will write a letter to the Registrar-General, General Register Office, Somerset House, W.C.2, with her marriage certificate, giving date and place of birth of her first child, and stating that she is anxious to have the first child re-registered in her married name, I think she will find her trouble soon ended.—An Official.

Men Who Pose as Single.

The sad case of Lily Dunnigan brings home to us again that true saying "The Woman Pays." It is a pity men who pose as single just to seduce young women do not come within reach of the law. Why should they go scot-free while the women have to bear all the trouble? There ought to be a heavy penalty imposed for seduction under such circumstances, so that other women may be saved from similar temptation and a similar fate.—M. A. P., Middlesbrough.

Sexual Knowledge for Children.

The hobble-de-hoy period is when the plastic nature is hardening (however unconsciously) under the influence of time and circumstance into the set figure that will occupy its allotted niche in the world's history. Left unto itself, it will indubitably be incomplete, unsightly, crude. It needs the deft hand of a moulder, and who so fitted as the creators of the image? Let the father take his lad into his complete confidence in confiding details of sexual laws; and the mother, eschewing false modesty, should act likewise with her daughter. Tact and sympathy—no preaching—and the children's destinies may be permanently blessed.—W. J. Flaiman, 41, Farnham Road, Handsworth, Staffordshire.

Shop Girls as Brides.

There is a general impression becoming more and more prevalent every day that shop girls are useless outside the sphere of their daily labours and nearly always lack the qualifications which go to make a good wife. Some ignorant people label all shop-girls as mere "bits of fluff" fitted for nothing but a life of ease and pleasure. Such is not the case. The fact that many of them earn less money than domestics forces them to appreciate the value of money and to practise economy and "management." And they do pick up the arts of domestic life. Most girls help their mothers before leaving home, and many in business "live out" in rooms or flats, and do their own housework. It is time this unjust impression was removed.—"A Shop-Girl's Husband."

Matrimonial Anomalies.

When a man marries a woman he becomes responsible for her words, deeds and debts without acquiring power to control them. No matter how much money the woman possesses in her own right, she can compel her husband to pay all debts incurred for necessities (a very elastic term), yet he cannot compel her to discharge any of his debts. Further, she can run him into debt for any amount, and by her extravagance ruin his business, render him a bankrupt, and be the means of him losing his home. Even if she comes into a fortune the same day that he is declared insolvent, he cannot claim any of her money to save himself! The law says a man's money is his wife's, but a wife's money is her own. Should not this anomaly be removed?—G. Doran, 30, Wolverhampton Road, Watall.

BOVRIL COMPANY'S GOOD YEAR

Presiding at the twenty-sixth annual general meeting of Bovril, Ltd., Sir George Lawson Johnston (chairman) congratulated the shareholders on the record results of the past year's trading, and on the strength of the position the company had now attained. The net profits were £305,700, or £54,000 more than for the previous year.

DEVELOPING TRADE WITH ARGENTINA.

Last autumn he made one of his periodical visits to the factory and the estates in the Argentina. Argentina is an ideal complement to this country for mutual trade exchange, as, having no coal or iron, it can never be a great manufacturing country. Argentines must be careful not to risk losing their best customer here by fancy arrangements for exchanging their inferior products at low prices with Central Europe for manufactures we can equally well supply, and, as a result of supplying, and employment for British workmen, who can then the better afford to buy the best Argentine beef.

Argentina is the size of Western Europe, but with a population of only about nine millions. Sparingly populated though that vast country is, one city in it—Buenos Aires—is now getting towards the two million mark. Any programme that tempts surplus population out of that great city into pastoral and agricultural pursuits is good for Argentina. The finding of employment for surplus labour in Buenos Aires sometimes evokes suggestions for the furthering of uneconomic manufacturing propositions. Argentina's really important future prosperity lies in her great still undeveloped areas of fertile land.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE ON DEFICIENCY DISEASES.

Sir James Crichton-Browne said that Bovril was steadily extending its usefulness and strengthening its hold. It was now being recognized more and more that many of the ills that flesh is heir to are what are called deficiency diseases, due to the want of some essential element in the food. Now there are in Bovril certain substances, amino acids, for instance, which the body cannot synthesize or form for itself, but which are essential to vigorous growth and vigorous health, so if they would ward off deficiency diseases, which might end in constitutional bankruptcy, they should take plenty of Bovril. If they would ward off the wear and tear of excessive fatigue, it was also invaluable.

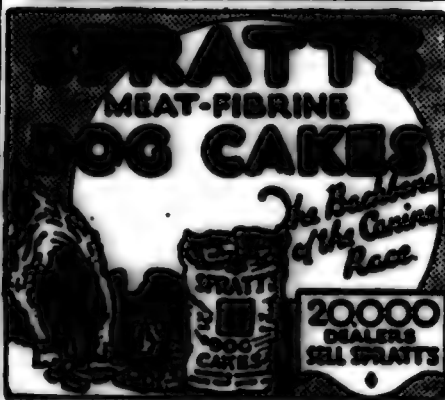
We sometimes saw a food or remedy recommended on the strength of a few problematical cases, but the testimony in favour of Bovril was overwhelming. Its merits were attested by millions—by what might almost be called a universal referendum.

NEWS OF THE WORLD

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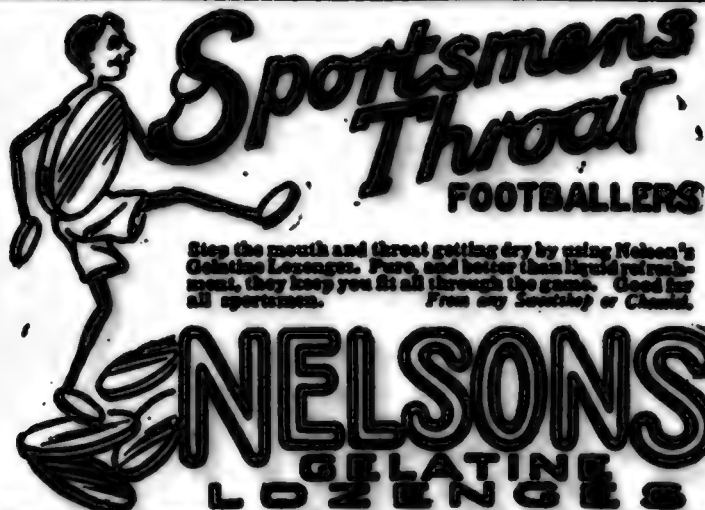
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FIANCER (Winchester).—"Is it possible to tell a bad egg?" Yes, yards away.

SNOOKER (Lingfield).—"Who is the present Billiards Champion?" Tom Newman.

LOOKER-ON (Saltash).—"There are some funny things in this world." And they all write to us.

R. H. K. (Edmonton).—"To me, fish is positively odious." We like it so long as it's not odorous.

T. G. C. (Retford).—"How can I prevent my wife going through my pockets?" Empty them.

W. H. J. (Mansfield).—"A few centuries hence, we shall all be baki." Wrong. We shall be dust.

NEUTRAL (Pimlico).—"How can I change the colour of my hair?" Don't bother; it will change itself if you live long enough.

SOCIAL WORKER (Kentish Town).—"I don't think language is so loose as it was years ago." That is because people don't get so tight.

T. S. (Salford).—"A man I know says he never reads JOHN BULL, because it has deteriorated." The reason he thinks that is because he never reads it.

FISH PORTER (Billingsgate).—"We don't use worse language here than anywhere else." What you use anywhere else is not too bad, we trust.

W. B. C. (Cromer).—"What is there especially dangerous about widows?" Nothing, except that they are popularly imagined to know more about men.

H. F. (Wednesfield).—"I don't like to think that graft is as prevalent as some believe." What you don't like to think, unfortunately, is not evidence.

BOXING FAN (Birmingham).—"There is far too much talking and too little fighting amongst professional boxers." Agreed; and the reason is the extravagant sums paid them for one scrap.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I enclose a few specimens of my water-colour work." We particularly admired the Sunset from the Embankment until we spotted the title, "Dawn Over the Welsh Hills."

LAD OF THE VILLAGE (Romford).—"It's hard luck when a man can't have a good time without suffering next day." In other words, happiness may endure for a night, but a thick head cometh in the morning.

MICK (Belfast).—"I did not take the wheel of fortune at the flood, with the result that I am now drifting down the broad highway to the abyss of penury." A common experience, but we never heard it put quite like that before.

A. B. C. (Taplow).—"Is literary plagiarism a civil offence?" No, a very uncivil one.

ETHEL P. (Walton).—"I am looking for a strong silent man." Does he owe you anything?

E. G. H. (Manchester).—"I simply cannot face life as Mrs. Wilkins." Why not make it Wylkinnes?

LUCY D. (Somerset).—"I am only a miller's daughter." Why "only"? You are the heroine of many touching ballads.

MABEL A. (Hastings).—"My grandmother wishes me to say that she approves highly of JOHN BULL's sentiments." And we of hers.

RESEARCH (Chalk Farm).—"Perhaps some of your readers would like their pedigrees taken out?" Perhaps, but they'd hate to be taken in.

J. H. M. (Middlesbrough).—"I don't think women are any more curious than men." Neither do we. We have seen very curious specimens of both sexes.

B. A. (Denmark Hill).—"The word 'nice' is the most misused in the language, but I am glad to see that JOHN BULL is never at fault." Very nice of you to say so.

WEARY WILLIE (Wallasey).—"Is constant tiredness symptomatic of any grave disease?" Occasionally; more often it merely connotes habitual antipathy to work.

JOHN WILLIE (King's Lynn).—"Is there an instrument for counting the number of steps one takes?" There is, but it won't register which are the false steps.

NEMO (Keighley).—"When you see in the papers 'Mrs. So-and-So, nee So-and-So,' does it mean the same as *alias*?" Nay. It means "born," and indicates the lady's maiden name.

MAY (Leicester).—"The brainlessness of modern young men is only excelled by their impudence." And somebody else at Nottingham complains that they're slow! What is one to believe?

REALIST (Gloucester).—"Real love doesn't exist, except in books." Such distorted ideas as these, based upon inadequate or unhappy experience, are amongst the few things that get our goat.

FABIAN (Cheshunt).—"Now that our Communist M.P. has returned from Russia, we shall get at the facts about Bolshevism." Don't you believe it; we shall only get at such "facts" as he was shown.

J. W. H. (Broadstairs).—"I suppose every murderer hopes to be found insane and sent to Broadmoor." True.

TROUBLED (Evesham).—"How can I prevent myself from sneezing in public?" S'neasy matter. Don't go out.

BUMPKIN (Burlescombe).—"Are all men who wear fur coats actors?" No, only a few, the rest think they are.

AT PRACE (Welshpool).—"I can banish unpleasant things from my mind instantly." So can we. But do they go?

R. M. L. I. (Gosport).—"Do you think France will ever beat Germany to her knees?" It should be an easy matter.

HORRIFIED (Ealing).—"I often doubt the sanity of some members of the Government." There are no doubts left in our mind.

WAY NOR (Bradford).—"If they want to tax anything, why don't they tax mothers-in-law?" It is luxuries that are taxed, as a rule.

ERINCA (Ilford).—"Would you consider it wrong for a starving man to steal oranges?" Yes; they contain practically no nutriment.

DINKY (Rotherham).—"Is my writing good enough to try for a clerical job?" Your writing is simply dinky, but your spelling's a little wonky.

NANCY A. (Nottingham).—"Most fellows are too slow for anything." Yours is a unique experience. There's something wrong somewhere.

TOBACCONIST (Streatham).—"It is iniquitous that publicans should sell cigarettes after eight." It is more iniquitous that their sale should be prohibited.

C. E. W. (Liverpool).—"Our ministers to-day seem so much out of touch with realities." Do you mean the priests or the politicians? You're about right, anyway.

D. W. E. (Liverpool).—"Our weather is much maligned. We have only had two showers in the last five weeks." You omit to mention the duration of the showers.

ETERNAL MIRACLE (Wimborne).—"All Nature murmurs that the Coming of Spring is at hand." It may have murmured when you wrote your letter, but now—Ugh!

TWO YEARS MARRIED (Enfield).—"My husband and I have a quarrel, every time a new baby is born, over its name." This sounds more like intelligent anticipation than actual fact.

WELL-INFORMED (Kettering).—"If you'll promise not to tell anyone, I'll give you the winner of the Lincoln." But we can't keep the thing in Long Acre without lots of people knowing.

CONSANGUINITY (Newark).—"What relation to me is the daughter of my stepmother's first husband's second cousin by marriage?" We haven't time to say, but the fear suggested by your pseudonym needn't worry you.

GO ON (Crowborough).—"Many a man knows women." How true!

O. L. (Shrewsbury).—"Let me alone and I'll let you alone." We are hiding under the table.

A. F. S. (Dorking).—"I very seldom find myself in agreement with you." Then you're usually wrong.

HUMBERT (Holbeach).—"It was many years before I grew up." These unique experiences always interest us.

WELL-WISHER (Stroud).—"You often say what I think." Let us say that we think we think what you say.

JACK (Deptford).—"Every now and then I lose my appetite." Cheer up; we lose ours three times a day.

MIDDLE-AGED (Chipping Sodbury).—"I must have a little nap every afternoon." We don't bother, except during flat-racing.

SEMPER IDEM (West Norwood).—"I don't believe in a man changing his opinions." The man who never changes his opinions has none; they're only prejudices.

NEW COMPETITOR (Ely).—"Is preference shown to old competitors?" No! All are treated alike. The best "Bullet" will win the £1,500.

OLD ADMIRER (Abingdon).—"You are doing wonders towards the purification of public life." One does like to receive these tributes.

J. A. B. (Bury).—"In many ways I am abnormal. Don't you think it's a good thing?" No, we dislike abnormalities of any description.

AT LAST (Attercliffe).—"After years of patient searching, I have found a girl who is always punctual." See answer above to J. A. B.

D. D. (Ystradgynlais).—"Contrary to the general opinion, Welsh is not difficult to pronounce." Perhaps not, but it wants a lot of spelling.

ROUND PEG (Melton Mowbray).—"I was never cut out for a man of business." With the consequence, presumably, that you get cut out by men of business?

STICK IT (Chadwell Heath).—"I am going to keep on writing until you do answer." The first time you say anything worth answering, we'll print it.

GLOBE-TROTTER (Finchley).—"Knocking about the world is the best training for a business man." And for a boxer, knocking about his sparring partners.

ANDY (Belfast).—"Isn't it curious that the grateful English never speak of the Ulster Division?" More curious that they seldom speak of a few others.

S. J. M. (Bristol).—"The job I would like best is that of a wine-taster." A lot of people think similarly. Until they discover that the wine is never swallowed.

HORRIFIED (Exmouth).—"What do you think of a man of 62, three times a widower, who marries a girl of 18?" We think he must be both courageous and well-preserved.

STRAM PINNACK (Devonport).—"Cheers greet the air as the ship comes in. And everywhere is joyous din." One thing prevents our printing your poem—the fear of losing our job.

OUTRAGED (Kensington).—"I would have you know that I am a niece of a Canon of the Church of England." The explosive nature of your letter suggests connection with 'ig guns.

SID BUT TRUE (Warwick).—"The day is fast approaching when the country will be ruled by petticoats." Never in your life. Long before then women will be wearing trousers.

(Continued on page 25.)

2/6 Ever-pointed Pencil FREE!

They are going fast—Get yours to-day!

Our offer of a 2s. 6d. Ever-pointed Pencil absolutely free in order to introduce the new model 5/- JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen has captured the fancy of our readers. You must hurry if you want yours. That a Pen with a 14-ct. solid gold nib and all the characteristics of Pens costing double the price can actually be made for 5/- is causing something like a sensation in the pen world. And when you receive with it a 2s. 6d. Pencil FREE, complete with rubber and refills, you have something like a bargain. Write to-day. Send P.O. for 5/3 (which includes postage) and cross "J.B. & Co." and make payable to JOHN BULL. State if fine, medium or broad nib desired. Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Bullets First Prize

£1500

2nd Prize

£250

10 PRIZES OF £5 10 PRIZES OF £2 10 50 PRIZES OF 10¢
100 PRIZES OF 5¢ 1000 PRIZES OF 2¢ 3000 TARGET PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize

£100

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 474.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. J. WILSON,

Signal Box, Banavie, N.B.

Example:—MY MISFORTUNE.

Bullet:—"GREY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. JOHN HUIR,

1, Thomson Street, Liverpool, Liverpool.

Example:—HARD UP.

Bullet:—RUSSIA—AT GERMANY'S BACKDOOR.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. R. GIBSON,

102, Thursty Street, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

Example:—UTTER ROY.

Bullet:—ASYLUM INSPECTIONS BY APPOINTMENT.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

L. S. TAYLOR, 6, Seaborn Road, West Norwood, S.E.27:
ANOTHER STORY—LIFT-BOY READING—THERE WASN'T.

ERNEST W. BARTON, 30, Lewfield Road, Acton, W.3.:
HOPELESS—EUROPEAN CONCERT, WITH BUGLES.

A. W. BOORMAN, 266, Walworth Road, S.E.17:
COAL—OLDEST KING YET EXCAVATED.

MISS A. HERBERT, Sandy Bank, Mountain Ash, S. Wales:
MUSING WIFE—HARDLY NOTICED, FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.

FRED PICKETT, 21, Priory Road, Bicester, Oxon:
HARD UP—FOR CUSTOMERS, AMERICA SOON.

GEORGE ROBINSON, The Gardens, Briery Close, Winder-
mer:
GOOD FOR ENGLAND—TAIL BETWEEN LEGS, ISN'T.

Mrs. WINDER, 26, Shaw Heath, Stockport:
OUR LODGER—OF PROTESTS, MEMBER THEORETICALLY.

J. H. WOODS, Riddington, Notts:
WHEN CURTAIN FALLS—AFTER PASSING MOTOR HEADLIGHTS.

A. HEYWOOD, 48, Rylands Street, Ardwick, Manchester:
RIGHT OR WRONG—ALL BETTING SHOULD BE.

C. E. VOWLES, "Lynthorpe," Rodborough, Stroud:
SATURDAY AFTERNOON—MOTHER'S SMILING GOES FURTHIST.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

WILLIAM McARTHUR, Sergeants' Mess, Signal Barracks,
Park Street, Hull:
AT LENGTH—AMERICA'S FIXED OUR INDEMNITY.

Percy Smith, 14, Pickers Street, Watlington:
BETTER THAN WORK—TOGETHER, ALLIES CAN'T DO.

W. E. GARDNER, 18, Salisbury Road, Waverley, L'pool:
FOLLOWING THE CROWD—OF PEACE THEORIES—WAR.

FRANK MURPHY, 32, Canada Street, Peter St. Sheffield:
PRETTY FACE—AMERICA'S MAKING US FULL.

C. RICHARDS, 41, Goodrich Crescent, Newport, Mon.:
SHUFFLING—DIPLOMATS MAKE FRONTIERS FRONT.

LEWIS DOWLEY, 141, Thorpe Road, Melton Mowbray:
WELL KEPT SECRET—WHERE HOPE GO TO.

DEBORAH ASHTON, 6, Arundel Street, Nottingham:
HOPELESS—SEEKING SYMPATHY "ACROSS WATER."

W. H. DAY, "St. David's" Cottage, Reigate, Surrey:
AFTER THE BALL—GOD WILLIE'S LITTLE SISTER.

ARTHUR DENNIS, 3, Wharfedale Street, Northumberland:
Avenue, Hull:
ANOTHER STORY—FATHERS, EXPLAINING "TWICE TWO."

R. WALKER, 41, L'Espey Street, Northallerton, Yorks:
AT HER WOOD—SHOWMAN LINES FINDING NATURE.

(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can **BEGIN** with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet:—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 475, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(475) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(475) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(475) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(475) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 476.

PROSPEROUS TIMES
RAY OF HOPE
WELCOME BACK
PATH TO PEACE
GROWING FAST
READY FOR SPRING
LONDON
WORLD OF TROUBLE
MONDAY MORNING
IN SAME BOAT
HER RING
MILLION TO ONE
ONE FINE DAY
LATE AGAIN
WHEN CRASH COMES
CROWDED OUT
IN A MINUTE
A STAR
MAN WHO KNOWS
PASSING HIGH
OWING TO US
WHEN NOW
NOT A SOUND
MY DEAR
LOT TO LEARN
NOBODY
AS THINGS GO
AFTER BUSINESS
WHAT I SAY
SAFE SEAT
THE RIGHT GIRL
IN MANY PARTS
MOTHER'S JOY
ALL OVER
LIBERTY
WELL AWAY
YOUNG BLOOD
JUST A FEW
COMING FIGHT
WHAT SHE LIKES

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER PRIZES.—
Coupons for 50s, 25s and 10s respectively
will be sent to the winners of the three
prizes in the "Bullets" competition. The
prizes in the "Bullets" competition are
sent to the winners of the three prizes in
the "Bullets" competition.

List of "Bullets" Prizes.—
"Bullets" competition No. 475 will be
closed on 1st April 1923. The winners
of the three prizes in the "Bullets"
competition will be sent to the winners
of the three prizes in the "Bullets"
competition.



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Lathers freely—it does not dry on the face or bite the skin.

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Stores, Oilmen,
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